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In Praise of the Carnots.

As yet the French nation has had no opportunity of being guided or governed by a citizen dowered by the universal respect of his fellow-citizens. The Revolution produced no Washington ; its outcome was a military despot.

In the month of November 1887, France was wholly unprepared for the advent of such unostentatious worth as was elected to the headship of the State in the person of M. Carnot. She is beginning to know day by day now, what it means ; she ignored its real meaning then, and when she first took account of her new President, she at once asked of him precisely that which he could not give. She asked him to exercise what she called " power ; " namely arbitrary self-will, and to interfere in matters where the law—the constitutional law of the State—only was concerned. There was for some months a misunderstanding—a temporary one—for it is idle to suppose M. Carnot coming down to the crowd's estimate of public duty ; the crowd will have to work up to his, to " get used to it." It is beginning to do so.

M. Carnot's task is to endure—to *be* what he *is*, without heed of any passing circumstance or any passing " cry." Quiet, gentle, mild, unbending ; his law is to remain steady—to be the one point in the business of the Commonwealth which does not swerve.

In this steadiness of M. Carnot's there lies such importance, not only for the welfare of France, but for the peace of the whole world, that to be quite sure that he will always do his duty—his entire duty—is a fact of great political consequence to every European.

What then is M. Carnot, that his faithfulness to himself should be so useful to so many human beings ?

Whence comes he?

Even in France people are learning to ask scientifically where a man comes from; and it is, above all, *there*, lucky; for nowhere are under-currents so strong, so hidden, and so variable.

These Carnots are long descended from the soil; "old as the hills" is with them no figure of speech, and they emphatically date from *la vieille France*, a phrase implying more solid stern virtue than most foreigners wot of. From earliest to latest of their line, their prime virtue is self-respect; and amongst the children of modern France, the idea is already dawning that when self-respect is long-descended under the pressure of centuries, its weight becomes incalculable; without exactly knowing why, they *trust* it. A new instinct in Gaul, and reviving long-dead days.

The Carnots are more than a "family," they are a tribe, a manner of small folk or people—*Gens* as those of ancient Rome, and like their classic forefathers, worshipping the public good. But besides being French of a France that practised largely all the higher virtues and duties, they are individually of the perhaps grandest province of France, of rough, hardy, self-reliant jovial Burgundy! No cavillers at fate or fortune are these men; they revolt not against Providence, but being healthy in every sense, deriving their wisdom from mental and physical equipoise, they submit cheerfully to do their work, whatever may be ordained them to do; and there lies another great secret for France to discover; when Frenchmen shall learn to make the best of circumstances (really, honestly to do their utmost in order to make the best of things), and not strain after the unattainable, then will France have taken her first step in the political education of modern times.

In the pre-revolutionary epoch, spite of all shortcomings, there were a very considerable number of men who had inherited public-spiritedness of a singularly stout description, and who, in the century between 1610 and 1710, were equal to any fate. Their household traditions came to them from their fathers and grandfathers of the Reformation. As a rule, they indulged no weak vanities; did not hanker after what set them apart from their fellow-creatures; and when the distinctions of caste, class, or career, were gone, they bravely took up the duties common to all.

So, when Lazare Carnot ceases to be (as the Versailles portrait shows him) the privileged *Officier des Armées du Roi*, he

unrepiningly does "his best" in the new sphere of action allotted him, and becomes what history has sanctioned under the name of *Le Grand Carnot*. The adversary ratified the title, too, for Lazare Carnot lived for near ten years among the Germans of the North, where his renown was so bright, that, at his death, the one plain word, "CARNOT" inscribed upon his gravestone, seemed sufficient to all to tell what the man who lay there had been.

Self-respect, as aforesaid, was the law of the race; public duty, domestic virtues, honour paid to their name, were the traits that distinguished each and all.

Claude Carnot, of Nolay,* was the father of the "*Grand Carnot*," who was one of eighteen children (fourteen sons and four daughters), and who writes thus of his father in a paper preserved by the family: "He watched over us all unremittingly, being convinced that the development of the children depends upon the father; he was always with us, in our walks, in our amusements, in our studies. He taught us the happiness entailed by rectitude of conscience, and the holiness of hard work. He made us know the beauty of family affection, and the perfect solidarity between those of the same blood, which makes each responsible for the pure fame of all." And by these teachings transmitted to Claude Carnot from his forefathers have the Carnots held through all time until now, and in no country does there exist a family—or, let us repeat it, a clan or tribe—more united by the same bonds of sentiment, opinion and creed.

The word I have applied to the present chief of the State may be rigorously applied to Lazare Carnot: he was so quiet, so mild, so gentle, that many of his intimates doubted whether he would show all the sternness of purpose required by the terrible situations he was called upon to fill. Himself was wont to say that the last term of "knowledge of mankind was *Indulgence!*" and the highest honour perhaps ever paid him was the phrase used by Napoleon I. (not precisely in a flattering sense): "Carnot is so easily deceived!" These identical words occur in Stanley's '*Life of Arnold*,' and for the same righteous reason: Carnot was loth to believe in falsehood; his family inherit that reluctance.

The Carnots are Biblical in their mode of education, and answer for each other from father to son. It is like reading a chapter of Holy Writ: Claude brings up Lazare, Lazare

* Nolay is the original home of the Carnots; a small town near Dijon, where stands an old house bearing their arms.

brings up Hippolyte, Hippolyte brings up Sadi, and Sadi will in turn bring up his own boys (without counting the younger brothers brought up by the elder ones, as in the case of the Grand Carnot and Carnot Feulin).

But for a moment at Hippolyte we stop, for he connects the present with the past, transmitting unbroken to the son what he got from the father, direct. Hippolyte Carnot, the President's father, though less historically illustrious than Lazare, was perhaps the most remarkable of the family.

"All the men of Burgundy are honest men," was a saying of a grand-uncle in Nolay which has become proverbial; but Hippolyte Carnot was not only a mirror of Burgundian honesty, a model of that "*Integritas*" which comprises everything, he was the finest sample of a stalwart *Bourguignon* that it may fall to the lot of our age to see. At *eighty-seven*, a few months before his death, he might in every sense, moral, mental, and physical, have done duty for fifty or fifty-five, at the very outside. None of those who, in December 1887, saw him, on the occasion of his son's election to the Presidency, read to the Senate the programme of the Government, will ever forget the scene or the individuality of the man who constituted its singular importance: everything was as it should be, everything was simple, natural—nothing was forced or strained, nothing "brought about"—all was in its place, and this wonderful fitness of things was the mere consequence of coincidences in themselves as strange and unforeseen.

It so happened that from the suddenness of events, and their dates, the House officers of the Senate were not yet nominated; there was no Bureau, no Chairman, and M. Carnot (*père*) was, from his age, *doyen du Sénat*, and presided over the Assembly; his first function thus being to proclaim the policy of the new Government on the occasion of the Presidential Election. Nothing could be more strange or unforeseen, but from the first moment it gave to the circumstance a distinctive character, and contributed one more proof of the unity of type which stamps all Carnots in creation. The father spoke not *for* his son, but *as* his son, and no one doubted the absolute indivisibility of the two. One might be at the Elysée and the other at the Luxembourg, but that did not separate them: they were Carnots indissoluble, not to be pulled to pieces, but taken *en bloc*. When Hippolyte Carnot read that wise, moderate, citizenlike, Government Declaration of December 1887, he spoke his son's

thoughts and words, because that son whom he had fashioned was the outcome of their race, coming direct from the long line of "honest Burgundians," who through centuries had never done other than their duty, the duty that it was theirs to do, whatever the place they filled.

And how that magnificent veteran knew, when he spoke to the Senate, *as* his son, that he was truly filling his own right place, and how the Senate felt it! No opposition suggested to itself even a stray hint of resistance; the speaker spoke so obviously what it was his duty to feel; and with what simplicity of conviction, and what strength! His very pride was so fitting, so in accord with all he had to uphold; and proud, nobly proud, was every inch of him that day. Many a man loaded with years seems young, but this man, Hippolyte Carnot, *was* young. Like a true Carnot, he had *stood* while the years passed by him. When he mounted the tribune of the Senate on that winter's day, it was in all the real strength of maturity on which rests still the after glow of determined youth. The splendid head bore its silver crown, it is true, but how grandly it rose from the broad shoulders, and how the bright untired eye looked the whole world in the face, and how the firm sweep of the rare gesture helped the word on its way, as it sped to the extreme end of the wide hall on the full ringing vibrations of the voice of "twenty-five!" The sight was truly one never to be forgotten. Hippolyte Carnot numbering, as he did, eighty-seven years, stood there apparently on the borders of Time, with all the waves of Time's fathomless ocean rolling out *before* him; it was the spendthriftness of youth, conscious of unlimited reserves.

He died three months later, not from any cessation of vital power, but from a mere accident caused by the abuse of energies which nothing seemed able to exhaust. On a bleak March night, quitting the hot atmosphere of an evening party where he had stayed late, and insisting on going home on foot, he caught the fatal chill that only a very few days afterwards ended his career, leaving his son bereft of more than half the wealth life had, or ever could have had, in store for him.

The death of Carnot, the father, was as severe a blow to France as to the President. It took from the former a champion who, living, would have cowed many an adventurous pretender, and it left his son to make himself known to the nation. Carnot the Senator, was fashioned by the *Grand Carnot*, had learnt all

the lessons of exile and of a period when men were resolute and "full of resource;" he lent *prestige* to his son; and in troubled waters and with excitable populations, prestige is a very useful saving of time.

The new President was elected for his immaculate honesty. He was, it may be said, involuntarily elected under the impulse of the country's good luck, and because the whole Chamber had some weeks before, as involuntarily, risen to its feet to cheer him in recognition of his incorruptibility. Not perhaps ten men in those six hundred went to the Congress at Versailles with the fixed intent to vote for Carnot; but they voted. They remembered the name he bore, and in that name all had faith. The father was known to be a Carnot, and all the renown of other days sprang into life behind him. But such was not the case with the son, he might or might not be "a Carnot," and when his father died he would have to prove himself one. He would have to make himself known.

Hippolyte Carnot had led an active, a nobly active life; he had been taught by his own father to know foreign countries, to study political history, to learn other languages, and to judge men with fairness; he was a great scholar, a passionate Greek, for whom the *Iliad* was a living reality, and its heroes companions of his own existence. He was, like his friend Villemain,* and a few others of their kind, full of idealism, and in all matters aspired to the highest. A Deputy under the July Monarchy, but of statesmanlike Liberal tendencies never sharing in excessive ideas of any description, he became Minister in 1848, and did his very utmost to further all genuine reforms, above all, those that rendered education of easier, more general attainment, and of improved quality. His aim was to educate the people, not as mere *savants* or administrators, but as men, able to fulfil more thoroughly the duty that was set down for them to do. Under the Second Empire (and after its fatal and well foreseen consequences) he never stirred one hair's-breadth from his hatred and contempt of despotism and military autocracy, but always bore his patriotism without bluster. He was from his cradle a Republican, but of the classical type, a Roman citizen of the Cincinnatus order, loving the land,

* Minister of Public Instruction, and *Grand Maître de l'Université* under the July Monarchy—the French Porson as far as Greek went, and of whom Duke Victor de Broglie, in his *Memoirs*, says: "Il était l'âme la plus élevée, l'esprit le plus délicat de son pays et de tous les temps."

dreaming of an order of things in which humanity should be better—more upright, less selfish, truer, and with loftier aims.

He was pre-eminently a man in whom character, in the British sense, rose superior to all thoughts of success or of power, and in whom the self-respect of his race guided every single thought and feeling of daily life.

When Hippolyte Carnot died, his son, the President, stood alone. One thing he had—a blessing shared by many of those whose work has been recorded in their country's annals—he had a mother! Such a woman as, whatever be the so-called progress of our age in enlightenment or science, our age does not often see. Madame Carnot is the worthy mother of such honest dutiful citizens as her two sons. Worthy to have been the true and perfect helpmate of such a statesman as Hippolyte Carnot; and with all that, showing absolutely no trace of the "Roman matron," nothing of the Volumnia or Cornelia type, nothing of the traditional "Republican female," of the "Republicaine" whom the pretentious art of David set apart above her sisters. No; but a gentle, kindly, genial woman; a woman full of sweetness and light, robing her inflexible moral strength in the most smiling and pleasantest of garbs, and no more painting her inward virtues for outward show than the flowers of the field paint their petals. The Carnots are not only happy, but lucky in their wives.

Guarded in earlier life by the tenderness of so rare a mother, there stands by the side of the President of the French Republic another woman, younger in years, his wife. Madame Carnot was Mdle. Dupont-White, daughter of the well-known political economist, a man who ranked high in both England and France—high for his talent and for his social charm. He was the introducer of Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer to the French public, and as an accomplished man of the world there was no party and no opinion that did not rejoice at welcoming Dupont-White in its salons. From him the *Présidente* inherits her English blood, for the mother of Dupont-White was an English woman. Madame Carnot is marked by nature as the complete partner of a public man; handsome, and by birth gifted with all the attributes of feminine grace, if she were not so very graceful, one would at first declare dignity to be the special characteristic of the *Présidente*. As the case really stands, whatever of mere dignity might grow into distant stateliness is softened, and made attractive by the magic of sympathy and *le charme!* that word

for which there is no translation. Add to this that Madame Carnot is one of the five or six best-dressed women in the civilized world (no mean quality in France), and such a mistress of a house as perhaps no other Capital in Europe can produce,—so incomparable is her profound science of whatever concerns either the relations or the mere splendours of society—and it may then be imagined with what various adjuncts and advantages M. Carnot stepped into his present complicated position.

But of all this the vast majority of the public in France was wholly ignorant. The President's father, as has been said, was known; known as the *Grand Carnot's* son, and, as a public man, worthy of the name he had inherited. But his son, modest and retiring as he had always been, had lived so quiet a domestic and family life, that even when twice Minister, once of Public Works, and again "*aux Finances*," he was but little attended to. History answered for him; the outward world of the present had no need to trouble itself about him, or his charming, but notoriety-avoiding wife.

Yet it was his term of office at the Finance Ministry that forced the Presidency on him, and his conduct as Minister of Public Works that forced his popularity into full bloom—and this, as the French say, "*sans que ça paraisse*"! While Finance Minister, the opportunity was offered him of committing a decided "irregularity," desired and recommended by the Elysée and M. Wilson. Others committed it later on; M. Carnot refused, but quietly, simply, without any fuss, and no more was said about it. It was in course of time (in 1887) mentioned, as a mere fact, an unimportant detail, in a narrative given to the Chamber of what had taken place before. But the public sense, that highly-refined magnetic power, as Lamartine called it, seized on it instantly, and the Assembly rose to applaud the public servant who "would not do what was not his duty."

The real outburst of popularity which only reached its maximum a few weeks since, at the inauguration of the new Docks at Calais, repaid the President for the initiative he took eight years ago, which almost every one had forgotten. In 1881 as Minister of Public Works, M. Carnot alone obtained from his colleagues the determining vote for the enlargement of the deep-sea port of Calais, the rest of the Government resisting on the plea of the "want of funds." In reality, though for the most part unconsciously, the storm of applauding welcome he was met with at Calais was the recogni-

tion of an achievement whereof the further results are incalculable: namely, success in virtually bridging over the Channel, and abolishing (without the objectionable tunnel!) the needless, foolish delays, that made the "silver streak" an absolute obstacle to the easy intercommunication of two great nations.

M. Carnot has thereby rendered as signal a service to England as to his own country, and we owe him a debt of gratitude we shall daily appreciate more thoroughly.

If I have dwelt on his race in speaking of the man, it is because his forefathers have so helped in the making of him, that they may all be said to be latent in him, and he could not be what he is expected to be if he were not an epitome of all the Carnots!

I stated in the beginning that what was required of M. Carnot was to subsist, *to be*. It was necessary that time should elapse, in order that people might learn to know what perfect faithfulness to himself implied. To judge of what is the meaning of a man's duty to himself, you must distinctly learn what is the "self" to which the fulfilment of that duty is essential. A considerable number of illustrious men have gone out of themselves, beyond themselves, to a discharge of duty most useful to the general community, but not reflecting their own personal and private duty represented by the strict and sole obligation of being true and faithful to themselves, of maintaining absolute adherence to the rectitude of their own character.

There is a growing conviction in France of what the President really is, and of the fact that he would not know how to betray his duty. The next point is, to arrive at a clear conception of what the precise duty is. It is undoubtedly a circumscribed one, but has nevertheless a somewhat wider extension than is commonly supposed.

The President's duty is to defend and protect the Law, and to resist all attempts to attack it. It is not his office to initiate or invent any new method of governing, or to forestall any offensive or dangerous act, however distinctly he may perceive the danger of it. It is forbidden him to do what Nelson did at Copenhagen, though that probably was one of the greatest services ever rendered to any country.

Constitutional Law is incarnate in M. Carnot, and in its defence there is nothing he will not do; but beyond it or out of it he will not go—not one inch. He has many means of improving his position and widely exerting his influence. As a

matter of fact he has, with the Senate, the power of dissolution of the Chamber and (what is far less known), not only the right but the obligation to preside, at least once a month, over the *Grand Commission* or *Grand Conseil de la Guerre*, on which sit all the commanding generals of France, and which legally overrules even the Minister of War. He has also the right of incessant communication with the Departments, if he so wills it; for though the Departments cannot, "combined" even by two or three, address themselves to the Elysée, the Elysée can have constant contact with the country; but the best of all his rights or privileges, after all, consists in the power of making himself well known and well trusted. This has been M. Carnot's task from the day he was elected, and this is now succeeding.

There are assuredly more brilliant, more impressive ways of wielding power, nay, of also serving the country. One may conceive of a ruler who, by the help of what is termed genius, commits some act of audacity, and afterwards really grants relative liberties, ensuring to the nation tranquillity, good order, and prosperity; there may even be men whose duty—"glorious," history may perhaps style it!—is thus to "save a nation," but such is not the duty M. Carnot owes to himself, and through himself to France. His power must rest on character; that is the lesson he is bound to teach Frenchmen. We have learnt in the pages of this Magazine, from the testimony of Lady de Ros, what the Great Duke's final estimate was of the first Napoleon; "*He was not a gentleman.*" It is hard to expect any foreigner, however "liberal," to understand *all* that the word implies on British lips; and yet it is a foreign poet who has given the true formula:—"A *man* and brave, a *man* and good, a *man* and *gentle*."

Now beyond all other things it may of the Carnots be said, that they are "gentlemen;" and the "plain gentleman" who is First Magistrate of France will prove this. He is not a man of many words; but should the hour of trial come, should no matter what pretender assail the Constitution by any overt act, M. Carnot will quietly set his back to the wall, and do his defensive duty, the duty it is his to do—resolutely and at all costs.

Under whatsoever *régime* France may pass, royal or otherwise, she can never have at her head rulers of whom to be prouder or whom she can point to as a nobler example for all her citizens, than President Carnot and his family.

M.

The Minister of Kindrach.

CHAPTER III.

As Mrs. Porter opened the door beyond the curtain, the twang of a stringed instrument accompanied by the sound of a girl's laughter and a man's voice singing became audible, the words of his song falling distinctly on the ear :

"Say darkies, hab you seen de massa
Wid de moustache on his face?
He took his hat and he left very sudden,
Like he's gwin to leave the place."

A little group of three people were seated at the other end of the room close to one of the wide windows leading on to the balcony. The lace curtains swung forward slightly in the warm still air. Outside, the scarlet geraniums, yellow calceolarias, blue lobelias, and white marguerites, filling the window-boxes, showed a blaze of colour, beyond the cool shadows of the room, and the three, who appeared to be enjoying themselves perfectly, sat facing this brightness with their backs to the door.

"De massa run, hi ! hi ! De darkies stay, ho ! ho !

He's old enough, and big enough, and ought to have known better
Than to hab gone and runned away."

David was conscious of a strong sensation of disgust and repulsion ; that people with any pretensions to sense and steadiness could sit in complete idleness in broad daylight, laughing at words so foolish with an accompaniment of twanging strings which no one could consider musical, struck him forcibly as denoting the lack of tone and power in the Porter atmosphere.

"Oh do go on, it's so funny !" David recognized the laughing amused voice, but scarcely the speaker. Was that Siller ? That girl in a loose pale-blue wrapper, all lace, and frills, and falling ends. Her hair towzled about her head, and her arms bare almost to the elbow ?

Mrs. Porter was walking hurriedly across the intervening space, her skirts rustling as she jerked them quickly forward; two upright lines of vexation and annoyance marked her forehead.

"Silvia," she said, a touch of all this in her tone. "Silvia, here is some person, some one from Kindrach to see you!" Silvia turned towards her aunt—her mouth still smiling, her eyes still full of laughter—and then!—sprang from her chair with a scream,—not of delight, wondering pleasure, or satisfied yearning—but a scream of one in sudden pain, fright, and alarm; pressing backwards involuntarily, a look of terror replacing the mirth in her eyes. David heard and understood the tone of that scream as readily as any present and his heart swelled with anger, and a determination that no one should see, or guess, that anything like doubt and dismay touched his soul. No one was between them. Mrs. Porter and Etta had moved to one side looking on, the one anxiously, the other amusedly, and Silvia faced him, pale, trembling, shrinking; behind her David was dimly aware of a white waistcoat and above that a brown beard; the player of the nonsensical instrument and singer of the ridiculous song had arisen and stood up behind Silvia. May Porter remained buried in her wicker chair, glancing slowly from her cousin's frightened appealing face to John White's, which wore a look of tender protectiveness, she thought, and the icy grip of a terrible jealousy which she knew had entered in and taken possession of her during these last few weeks tightened its heavy hold. David resolutely crossed the few paces, prepared to take Silvia in his arms, and proclaim to them all his right of possession by kissing her there and then; Silvia shrank back still further, almost cowering into the white waistcoat.

"Siller!" said David, endeavouring to speak tenderly, but only succeeding in throwing a touch of grim reproach into his pronounciation of her name. His voice roused Silvia, also his manner. Slipping beyond his outstretched black kid gloves she turned to her aunt imploringly.

"It's just Mr. Fairfax, our minister," she faltered.

"An your betrothed husband," broke in David, trying to be lightly facetious.

"Is it so? Is this true?" asked her aunt quickly.

"An wherefore should it no be true?" interjected David sternly.

Silvia glanced round like some hunted thing. She caught

Etta's look of eager satisfied interest, and May's glance of scornful amusement. Also she fancied Mr. White was smothering a smile in his beard. She felt she must rush from the room and hide. Oh if only she could hide! but it was a long way to the door, and there was David, planted solidly in her path, and her aunt, of whom she stood somewhat in awe, waiting imperiously for an answer, holding her head very erect, the two upright lines in her forehead getting more pronounced.

"It is true, quite true," murmured Silvia at last, in dry muffled tones, twisting her fingers together and hanging her head for all the world like a miserable humiliated creature, David thought wrathfully, instead of the bright, proud, elated bearing of a young girl, introducing her betrothed. What was the meaning of it? What had come to her?

There was a helpless pause at this juncture, but it was very brief. Mrs. Porter rallied, and rose to the occasion.

"Ah!" she said easily, "you will have much to tell Silvia, Mr. Fairfax, about her mother and Kindrach, and you would like to have a quiet chat together." She spoke smoothly, easing matters as much as possible, sweeping David and Silvia the while with her towards the inner drawing-room. She left them there alone presently, and returned to the others. "Is it not terrible?" she asked, laughing a helpless, little, soft laugh.

"Fancy Silvia never saying a word about this Mr. Fairfax all these weeks!" broke out Etta.

"I don't wonder," put in May languidly; "such a dreadful man!"

Then they discussed his coat and gloves, and Scotch accent, with little breaks of laughter, and little pauses of wonder. John White alone said nothing, but stared out over the geraniums and calceolarias, twanging a string now and then of his banjo absently. He alone of them all felt truly sorry for poor little Annie Laurie in this predicament. May did not fail to observe his silence, and bitterly attributed it to far deeper feelings than he entertained on the subject.

Silvia, in the inner drawing-room, feeling all was over, helplessly permitted David to resume all his old privileges. She submitted to his kisses—they were not many, or effusively tender. She agreed faintly with his explanation that the suddenness of his arrival had so surprised her that she had felt startled, bewildered, and taken aback. She even asked, presently, after all the people at Kindrach; and when their interview had

dragged itself out to a lagging conclusion she fled distractedly to her room, knowing that she had, by her passivity and nervous dread of David's masterfulness, complicated matters terribly. She cried and wept passionately but helplessly.

"Oh, I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed. "So ugly, so coarse, so common! And they are all laughing at me. Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

When Silvia first arrived at her aunt's, her shyness made it impossible to mention David and her engagement. When that had worn off, any desire she might have felt to speak of these facts had worn off likewise. Each succeeding week spent at No. 54 made the thought of David, Kindrach, and her engagement a terrible nightmare of ugly future possibilities. She was no longer proud and elated; all her past life looked meagre, barren, vulgar, and commonplace. Whenever it came before her in all its solid plainness, she involuntarily shut her eyes, and turned her back, proposing to herself no definite course of action in the future, beyond a vague determination that she could never marry David Fairfax, come what might. His sudden appearance, though it had not broken this determination, but rather strengthened and confirmed her resolution, found her unprepared for action. And hers being a craven, timid spirit, feeling also that in this matter she was the offender, and that she was about to behave very badly towards David, she had weakly allowed the first opportunity to slide, leaving them both with unaltered relations, but painfully altered feelings. She regretted this weakness the moment she left his presence; but how bitterly did she regret it during the week that followed, and for many a succeeding day!

Every one treated her strangely and a little coldly when she re-appeared amongst them. When she timidly approached the subject of the minister alone with May, her cousin put out one of her long white hands with a little gesture of repulsion.

"Oh, pray don't make me your confidante," she said in her usual slow way. "You have kept your own counsel so long, it would be a pity to uproot any long-established custom on my account. I am not in the least degree curious."

The tears rushed to Silvia's eyes and she turned away deeply hurt, only to encounter Miss Harding's voluble sympathy.

"Oh, Silvia! I am so sorry Mrs. Porter should be so vexed and annoyed about this matter; I have never seen her so cross about anything before. She thinks you ought to have told her

you were engaged. She thinks it was deceitful and underhand—such nonsense! As if a girl need go and tell every one the moment she is engaged."

From all this Silvia was summoned to an interview in her aunt's boudoir—where Mrs. Porter made her feel that Etta Harding had only expressed a bare third of the displeasure her aunt really entertained. Silvia could only weep copiously, and beg her aunt's forgiveness. She could not then confess to her aunt in her present frame of mind her desire to be free from this terrible engagement, which had brought her into such disgrace. David had paid his first visit on a Thursday. The next day, Friday, and the next, Saturday, he came to the Porters and interviewed Silvia, and each time she let matters drift, feeling there was no gainsaying the man's stolid self-assertiveness. Finally she resolved to write and tell him of the change in her intentions. She sat up nearly all Saturday night trying to put this resolution into effect, but without avail—the words would not come; the sentences would not arrange themselves, and she tore up her futile efforts and crept into bed shivering and crying. If she only had some one to advise her, and help her—but they were all so unkind, and she herself was so ashamed of the whole matter, that the mere seeking for aid was beyond her.

As to David, he was fully and bitterly aware that Silvia was afraid of and dreaded him; he even felt dimly that he inspired her with repugnance, yet he did not offer to release her. His pride would not permit him to give her up; even though he was angry and terribly annoyed by her conduct, even though the feeling of affection he had had towards her was swept aside, lost in this sense of wounded pride. He had not realized that Silvia's behaviour arose from any lack in himself; he did not know that she was ashamed of his manners, dress, and general style. Ashamed of his big red hands, and terrible boots. Ashamed of his pugnacious assertiveness, of his broad Scotch dialect, of him in his entirety—of his whole being. He was impregnated with the one idea that Silvia's alteration was due to John White. He was firmly convinced that the "fule-like foolishness and frivolity" of that individual had attracted Silvia's silly mind. At the door of John White he laid the whole blame of his present miserable discomfort, and, minister though he was, he regarded John White with no lack of unchristian warmth and vindictiveness.

Once, nay twice, he heard John White call "Siller" "Annie Laurie." What was meant by it he could not divine, but he felt that it revealed a darker depth of familiarity than was apparent on the surface of their intercourse. Each day he went to the Porters found Silvia in possession of fresh relays of flowers and bon-bons—the gifts of John White, who, feeling that just at this period Silvia stood in most need of comfort and support, dumbly offered his sympathy to the distressed maiden in sweets and roses. David felt these and other little details,—such as meaning glances, mutual smiles, and sympathetic hand-pressures—were signs enough and to spare as to where the blame lay.

John White was fond of entertaining his friends on Sunday afternoons at his diggings (as he modestly described his luxuriously furnished rooms and studio). The Sunday after David's appearance on the scene he had arranged one of these informal little gatherings. A picture he had exhibited the year before at the Academy he had just recently sold, and before packing it off to its new quarters he made it an excuse for a tea-party.

"Come to tea next Sunday?" he said to May Porter, "and take a fond farewell of *"Aphrodite;"* bring Annie Laurie with you." They accordingly went—Mrs. Oliver, a pretty little cousin of John White's, undertaking the duties of chaperone.

Unfortunately David made up his mind whilst eating his solitary mid-day repast to go that Sunday afternoon to Lancaster Gate, and take Silvia to evening service at a small chapel he had discovered in the morning—a chapel of the Primitive Methodist persuasion. Accordingly about five (he came early, thinking a quiet walk alone with him would be beneficial to Silvia, from a moral, not a physical point of view), Mrs. Porter and Etta were disturbed during the progress of afternoon tea by the appearance of the Minister of Kindrach.

"This is getting really insufferable," murmured Mrs. Porter, whilst David made a slow progress, steering his way across the room. Etta shrugged her shoulders and opened her hands expressively. The Minister of Kindrach had proved an amusingly enjoyable experience; she was not sorry to see him now.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Porter, not over-graciously, the first salutations over. She told him to sit, having discovered that he had an irritating habit of standing until absolutely desired to take a seat.

"You will take a cup of tea?" she added, as David deposited himself heavily in a chair; placing his hat (his new one) carefully beneath it.

"I thank you, mam, yes," he said, with ponderous formality:

This ceremony of "afternoon tea" was to him an extraordinary custom, but it was one of the many extraordinary customs which appeared everyday matters with the Porters, therefore he abstained from any display of ignorance, and took the frail cups of tea, and still frailer slices of bread and butter, as casually and as indifferently as the rest. No one guessed the scorn he felt for this ridiculous manner of taking food,—the maximum of discomfort with the minimum of satisfaction. Miss Harding presently retired to the writing-table, leaving David in Mrs. Porter's hands.

"You will forgive my going on?" she said carelessly over her shoulder. "I always write my Indian letters on Sunday, one generally has a nice long afternoon, and can get in all the gossip of the week."

David was gravely sorry to see her so occupied on the Lord's day.

"Would not an afternoon in the week be equally as long?" he said severely. He never found his duty, as minister, of admonishing and counselling stray sheep, in the least degree difficult to perform.

"The Lord's day was'na made for gossip, either with our pens or our tongues."

He interrupted Mrs. Porter's languidly imparted information respecting the absence of Silvia and May, to say this.

"Your pardon, Mrs. Porter, mam; but you were saying?" he rejoined, after having shot his bolt.

"Oh, nothing of any importance; merely that Silvia and May are out."

"Aye aye, at afternoon kirk maybe?" but Mrs. Porter had risen to welcome a second Sunday visitor and took no notice of his observation.

The new arrival was a Mr. Fred Willett—a young barrister, and one of the most prominent and persistent in Silvia's small circle of admirers. He had a sharp, clever face; clean shaven and legal in aspect, and a corresponding manner. He gave David's coat, gloves, and the big hat reposing beneath his chair, a keen glance as if taking in the points of a case. Knowing that Mrs. Porter, amongst many other virtues, was a great supporter

of East-end missions, and that the "Perpetual Drunkards' Retreat" at Shadwell, or Stepney, or Stratford, or one of those out-of-the-way haunts of the vicious and depraved, was under her direct control, he concluded that David was probably a pet preacher to the "Perpetuals."

"I couldn't come in last night, Mrs. Porter, as you kindly wished; business is business, you know, and must be attended to."

Mr. Fred Willett had a small desire to shine as "a rising man," and adopted somewhat the airs of a hard-worked Q.C. His glance after this little remark comprehended Etta and Mrs. Porter, but passed over David; but this did not deter Mr. Fairfax from joining in the general conversation.

"And what may your business be?" he observed, with a friendly air.

Mr. Willett's quick eye played swiftly over David's unprepossessing *tout ensemble* before he answered in crisp, short sentences, "My business is principally other people's business. I've a finger in not a few pies just now. Law!" he added sharply, with an upward jerk of his chin.

"Oh, aye! You'll be an advocate?" said David cautiously; "or," he added, seeing dissent in Mr. Willett's sharp eyes, "a Writer to the Signet? Wicked sinners, we call them in Scotland." And he laughed jovially at this very small old joke.

"Dear me, I didn't think Scotland could produce anything wicked," said Etta, pertly.

"Oh, Scotland is no better and no worse than ither pairts o' the world," replied David allowingly.

"You're from the North?" suggested Mr. Willett.

"Ah am that," he returned heartily. And the first glimmer of the idea which later on burst into a conviction that Mr. Willett was "a verra pleasant, knowledgable young man," showed itself at this display of perspicacity. He engaged Mr. Willett in a conversation, which that gentleman seemed to find amusing, and encouraged him to enlarge, till Mrs. Porter grew a trifle impatient, and at a glance from her, Etta stepped in and absorbed Mr. Willett.

"Siller's a long time awa,' kirk must be out by now," said David, looking at his ponderous silver watch.

"They have not gone to church, they are at Mr. White's studio, looking at a picture he has on exhibition. His Sunday tea-parties generally keep people a long time, he makes them so

pleasant," returned Mrs. Porter, suppressing a yawn, and hoping this bit of information would send David away.

There was a dreadful pause.

Siller looking at pictures, and going out to a tea-party on the Sabbath; it was awful! David had seen much that jarred and even shocked him in the Porters' general tone and surroundings; but this was more than he could have believed possible of Siller, corrupted and changed as she undoubtedly was.

"An you permitted it, Mrs. Porter, mam?" he asked, in deep guttural tones.

"Oh, she is quite properly chaperoned," said Mrs. Porter carelessly. David opened his mouth to speak, but she continued, "May is with her, and Mrs. Oliver. I should not permit either Silvia or my daughter to go to young men's rooms without a chaperone."

"Chaperone!" burst out David; the repetition of the word irritated him past endurance. A flimsy worldly precaution, thrown over a sinful action, and held up as Mrs. Porter's shield.

"Chaperone! gude sakes—I believe you would see them walk into Hell itself if they only had a chaperone a'hint them."

Mr. Willett, with a business-like air of complete absorption, took up a book of photographs. Etta produced her handkerchief, and coughed.

"Mr. Fairfax! you forget yourself!" said Mrs. Porter with calm dignity. Her calmness touched David's heat and cooled it rapidly.

"Ah should be forgetting m'ah sacred calling did I not point out sin and wickedness," he returned more temperately, but doggedly making no apology for his rudeness. He groped beneath his chair for his hat, preparing to start at once and wrest Siller from the sink of depravity into which she had fallen.

"Would you be so good as to give me Mr. White's address, mam; ah'm going there now?"

"Now!" Mrs. Porter really felt this terrible man was getting too much for her. She pictured his breaking in upon John White's little gathering of fashionable friends, denouncing their sinful behaviour in strident tones, and plucking Silvia from their midst with his black-gloved hands.

"My dear sir, that's quite impossible—you must remember. Oh it's out of the question! you cannot intrude uninvited . . .

you must consider *les convenances*. . . . What would people think?"

She felt while speaking that such an argument with such a man was hopeless. David would like to have been sure whom or what *les convenances* stood for, but thought it probably meant the chaperone; he desired to keep his ignorance a secret.

"I consider naething and naebody but Siller's immortal soul," he answered with great gravity and admirable tact.

Mrs. Porter succumbed and gave the desired address, having ascertained by a glance at the clock that John White's friends would in all probability have dispersed by this time.

"My dear," she said to Etta later on, when they were alone, "Silvia must really break off this preposterous engagement or go home next week—one or the other—I cannot stand the Minister of Kindrach.

David, swinging angrily along the dusty pavements, arrived at much the same determination.

"Siller must gang her ways hame wi me this verra week. Ah canna thole the sair warldliness o' her present surroundings. Eh my wurd! it's just pitiful to see folk rushing to destruction—but Siller shauna be lost if the airm of man can save her."

Perhaps if he had looked into the heart and core of his deep indignation he might have found that no inconsiderable degree of its warmth arose from the fact that Silvia's backsliding was taking place in an atmosphere impregnated as much with "John White" as with "warldliness."

Rogers, the Porters' butler, had condescended to point out the best route to Mr. White's studio: part of David's way lay through the park. A carriage and pair drove out of the gates as he entered. It was Mrs. Oliver's carriage, containing the girls, also John White returning home with Mrs. Oliver to dinner. None of them noticed David, but the sight of them roused him to a pitch of unreasonable rage. The horses were grey, Mrs. Oliver and May wore light summer bonnets and pale-coloured garments, Silvia was in white, and John White, sitting beside her, laughing and chatting, had a flower in his coat. It might have been a wedding party; the thought crossed David's mind as he stood in the gateway looking after them. There they went, all gaiety, festivity, and lightness, and there he stood dusty, tired, gloomy and wrathful.

"A'll not have it!" he exclaimed, thumping the ferrule of his umbrella emphatically on the curb-stone.

"Siller shauna carry on this-a-way wi yon dancin monkey of a fellow. She has promised to be m'ah wife, and I h'ae m'ah rights. As to Mr. John White, ah'll speak to him the morn."

He walked on into the park and sat down gloomily on a bench, putting his umbrella between his knees and resting his sombre wrinkled gloves on the handle.

He found his way into a church later on—the first Church of England he had ever entered. Thoughts of Roman Papists, and the "Scarlet Woman" crowded indefinitely into his mind. He somewhat peremptorily waved aside the book a timid old lady gently offered, preferring to stand in awful silence. The sermon began, he thought, rather well (he was unconsciously listening to one of the finest preachers of the day), and he was preparing to bestow a gracious consideration on its succeeding heads, when the clergyman turned his back on his congregation, and it was over.

"Hoots! does he ca' yon a discourse?" David asked himself with some disgust, plunging out of the heat and glare into the still quiet summer night. "Just a text, and twa, three bit sentences, and prayer at the beginning, and the broad of his back at the tither end."

CHAPTER IV.

The following afternoon, David paid that visit to Mr. White's studio which on Sunday he had promised himself the pleasure of paying.

John White's studio was in holiday garb: that is, he had not yet disturbed the arrangements made in beautifying it for his late debauch in the shape of a Sunday tea-party. Soft Persian rugs and skins lay about the floor, bits of old tapestry, gaily striped curtains, and pieces of dull coloured silk, draped the walls, or were flung over the corner of screens, and backs of chairs.

An old carved table—dead black, with twisted grinning dragon legs, filled a recess, laden with silver tankards, cups and platters, interspersed with Russian glass bowls filled with yellow roses, which made the atmosphere of the room heavy with their faint penetrating odour.

A long low lounge was drawn up at an angle with the fireplace, where ferns had been placed, and a drapery of yellow

silk, showing touches of blue and brown in the background, had evidently been hastily arranged—for one side had dropped, and a cavern of black-leaded vacancy yawned visible. Low chairs and tables, Damascus carpets, Savona pots, pictures, framed and unframed, were scattered about in what might be described as 'picturesque confusion.' David considered the effect almost bacchanalian in its disorder. In the centre of the room, placed immediately where the light from above fell fully upon it, stood an easel, supporting a large picture. David took up his position before it whilst waiting for the appearance of Mr. White, blowing his nose noisily, for the heavy scent of flowers annoyed him.

"Was that a picture," he asked himself, "that a modest young woman should be invited to inspect?"

Aphrodite, an indistinctly suggested female figure, rose, floating softly upwards, from the waves, lightly clad in misty foam and golden hair. It was a very lovely thing, delicately and exquisitely painted. It had made John White's name somewhat celebrated in certain sets where the barest mention implied the possession of no small share of the faculty divine.

David alone saw that it was meant for some heathenish person of the female sex, minus any honest covering of linen or merino, solely wrapped about with mist and vapour. The loveliness of the goddess, the sunlight on her hair, the tossing and swirling of the waves and white-tipped billows as they gave up this sea-born daughter of Neptune, were not apparent to him.

John White was surprised to see who his visitor was. He stood in the doorway a moment, surveying David's back with that irresistible sense of hilarious amusement which always assailed him in the presence of the Minister of Kindrach.

"Lost in admiration of Aphrodite?" he asked, coming forward. "Pretty creature, isn't she?"

David turned on his heel.

"Pretty!" he observed, in deep tones of disgust, "it's just a disgrace. A disgrace," he repeated.

John White's sense of amusement grew more pronounced.

"Now what do you find fault with?" he asked with the air of a man seeking impartial criticism, yet deprecating too great severity. "Is it her hair, or eyes, or nose—or isn't the colouring what it should be?"

"Ah'm no finding fault with the penting," returned David, a little mollified, "that's no so bad—but man, why couldn't ye have put a decent garment on the body?"

The artist stared at his radiant creation.

"The body," he murmured. This was the sort of thing he keenly relished. He was already turning over in his imagination the first-rate story this incident was going to furnish him with. "Or," continued David, relapsing into severity, "if ye must pent females bathing, ye should'na call the whole warld in to look, mair especially young wimmin like Miss Porter, and Miss Dewar over yon," giving his head a backward jerk in the supposed direction of Lancaster Gate. "But ah did'na come here to talk aboot pictures. Ah came on a mair delicate errand." He blew his nose again, and walked to the door and back.

Mr. White seated himself on 'the lounge, divining something of the matter troubling the Minister of Kindrach. He told himself that his conscience was "as the noonday clear," therefore he was at liberty to revel in the amusement caused by this unlooked-for situation.

"Yes," he said, with gentle encouragement, as his visitor stumped heavily towards him. "Won't you sit?" he added, pushing a chair forward with his foot. David took no notice of this little attention.

"Ye ken, Mr. White, that Miss Siller Dewar is m'ah promised wife, and that we shall shortly be married?" He had planted himself flatly before his host with his legs a little apart, his hands grasping his soft hat energetically, and he spoke very slowly and distinctly.

Mr. White was delicately applying the end of his tongue to the cigarette he had just completed rolling: his long fingers gave the paper its final twist, and he ran it once or twice between his finger tips.

"Ah," he murmured, interestedly; shaking his silver match-box to dislodge a reluctant vesta.

"Won't you sit?" he added, again propelling a seat in David's direction.

"Did ye ken this, or did ye no ken it?" enquired David, doggedly.

"I knew it most certainly—that is, I have known it since you came to town last Friday was it, or Thursday? Have a smoke?" he added, offering his cigarette-case. "Don't you smoke?" he asked, as David declined stiffly.

"Oh, aye, I smoke a pipe whiles," replied Mr. Fairfax impatiently, "not they bit things."

"I've a whole regiment of pipes," he said, rising with cheerful hospitality, "and some first-rate tobacco; but go on, I can hear you while I fish out these articles. You were saying—?"

"Ah was'na just saying anything," replied David with caution, pausing to collect his ruffled ideas. "But ah came here the day to tell ye that I dinna like ye're attitude with regard to Siller—Miss Dewar—it has been distasteful to me from the verra first—there's too much familiarity; I canna see any call for so much bringing of flowers and sweeties, an' wherefore should ye call her Annie Laurie?" He waived his arm forward as he spoke, and his brown face flushed a dusky red. These accusations sounded paltry even in his own angry ears.

John White was filling a large-bowled, well-browned pipe. He looked up questioningly as David paused; but as Mr. Fairfax did not proceed, he said lightly,

"If you mean that I am in love with Miss Dewar you are mistaken."

"Ah'm no saying ye are in love with her," said David, scandalized at this easy mention of such sacred things.

"Well, you hinted it; upon my soul you hinted it," returned Mr. White, smiling, "or perhaps you wished to suggest that Miss Dewar is in love with me?"

"Dinna speak rashly, young man," said David with portentous solemnity. The thought existed in his mind that such a possibility was not unlikely, but that Silvia should in any way be brought into the discussion with reference to her side of the question was far from his intention.

"Siller has promised hersel' these three months to me; it's no likely she'd cast a thought to ony ither man."

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Mr. White effusively. "I was merely joking, and now that we understand each other, let's smoke the pipe of peace." He handed David the pipe and his match-box, and wheeled forward an easy chair. "Won't you sit?" he asked for the third time.

David was dissatisfied. The interview had not produced the effect he intended and believed it would produce. There was a flatness and triviality about the affair. His denunciation of John White's behaviour sounded empty, feeble; instead of reducing his enemy to shame and confusion, feelings of this nature, he was keenly aware, wrapped his own being about. He smoked at first in a gloomy, unresponsive mood, but long before

he rose to leave, the feeling of irritated humiliation gave place to a more genial spirit.

Mr. White accompanied his guest to the door, talking amicably the while. In passing the fireplace his quick eye fell on the disarranged drapery. He stopped to put it in its place.

"I say, you haven't got a pin about you?" he enquired, looking over his shoulder at David. Mr. Fairfax gravely examined the corners of his coat and waistcoat, where he usually kept a small supply of these useful articles.

"Nae," he said, after an extensive search, "ah'm just out o' pins somehow—it's not often that happens."

"Well! do you mind? just hold that up. So! I'll get one in a jiffy," and John White walked quickly into an inner room, leaving David, on his knees, gravely upholding a gaudy piece of silk.

"If ye'll give me the pin ah see just where to put it," he said when Mr. White returned. With great earnestness and force he skewered the drapery in its place.

"Thanks very much," said John White, cordially shaking hands when David regained his feet, the knees of his black trousers a little dusty and fluffy, and his face somewhat flushed with his exertions. Unwittingly he returned the hand-shake as cordially, and departed a little amazed at the alteration in his attitude towards John White.

"Poor beggar!" said John White aloud, looking at the ferns and drapery in his fireplace and laughing consumedly. "I admire the brute force he displays in his pig-headed assertiveness; I absolutely admire the Minister of Kindrach." He made a capital story out of that afternoon's episode; lightly sketching, with skilful touches, David's challenge, the friendly pipe, and the final abasement before his fireplace.

To this day among his intimates "Aphrodite" is known only as the "Female bathing."

(To be continued.)



A Reindeer Journey in Arctic Russia.

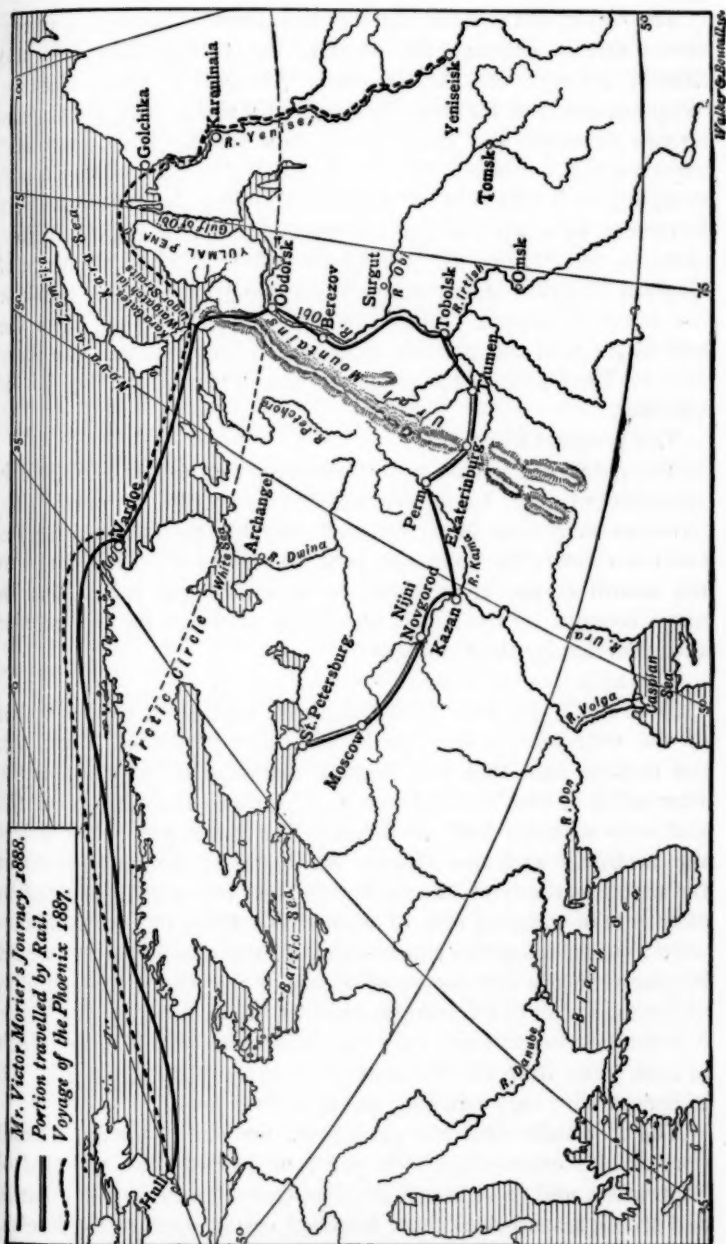
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ON the 17th of July, 1888, I started on board the good ship *Labrador*, 500 tons register, strong timbered, three-masted steam whaler, Joseph Wiggins, Master, bound from Newcastle-on-Tyne for Golchika, mouth of the Yenissei, Asiatic Siberia.

I had a three months' holiday before me. I had been "enthused," as our cousins across the water say, as all are who approach him, by Captain Wiggins' fervid genius as explorer and navigator, and magnetized by his descriptions of Arctic scenery and sport, and I gladly accepted his kind proposal to accompany him, as passenger and tourist, on his adventurous voyage. It all sounded so easy. A month to the mouth of the giant river; another for the 1500 miles up stream into the heart of Asia; another to get back to London's November fogs—but it was not to be.

My present narrative, however, dealing with *terra firma*, I can say but little of the *Labrador*, her gallant master and his two faithful mates, but must refer such of my readers as are ignorant of Joseph Wiggins and the Phoenix Merchant Adventurers, to a Parliamentary Paper, entitled "Copy of a Despatch respecting attempts to establish commercial relations with Siberia through the Kara Sea, 1888," obtainable for the modest sum of 7½d. at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen, East Harding Street, Fleet Street.

Nevertheless I must say enough to explain how it chanced that I found myself on a grey afternoon in the latter end of September 1888, well within the Arctic Zone, bargaining with certain Samoyede nomads for conveyance by reindeer sledge from Europe to Asia, across frozen plains and mountains, to Obdorsk on the river Obi.



The object of the *Labrador* was to inaugurate a regular yearly steam service between the ports of the United Kingdom and Siberia through the Arctic seas. For twelve years Captain Wiggins, partly at his own expense, partly assisted by friends, had striven to solve the question of this route. Five successful voyages had convinced him of its feasibility. In 1887 a small company under the title of "Phoenix Merchant Adventurers" was formed to take up the matter commercially. A 400-ton iron steamer, the *Phœnix*, was purchased and despatched in charge of Captain Wiggins, with a cargo of sample goods to Yenisseisk in the heart of Siberia. She sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne the end of August, and arrived, after successfully crossing the Kara Sea, at Yenisseisk, 1500 miles up the Yenissei, on the 9th of October.

The problem was solved.

The enterprise having been favourably viewed by the Russian Government, the Company obtained exceptional permission, (riverain navigation being closed to any but the national flag) to use the *Phœnix* the following year to convey a British cargo to the mouth of the river, there to be exchanged for a Russian cargo brought by the Arctic ship to be provided for the regular ocean service by the Company.

This ship was the *Labrador*.

Now it will be seen from the above that from the inception of the enterprise a formidable difficulty presented itself, viz. the making sure that the *Phœnix*, working her way down the 1500 miles of the Yenissei would, at a given moment, meet the *Labrador* working her way through the Kara Sea. For unless the *Labrador* met the *Phœnix* at Golchika, the rendezvous at the mouth of the river, at exactly the right moment to allow of an exchange of cargoes, and of each ship setting out on its homeward voyage before the winter ice made, the ocean steamer would be placed in the alternative of spending the winter ice-bound in an Arctic sea, or of returning home with her cargo *re infectâ*. For it must be remembered that the two ships would lose touch of each other from the moment the *Phœnix* left Yenisseisk, the telegraph wire only reaching as far as that town.

The *Labrador* with her passengers arrived at Vardo, a small port at the extreme eastern point of Norway, on the 3rd of September, and there learnt the disastrous news that the *Phœnix* had struck a sand-bank three hundred versts north of Yenisseisk, and that, as the river was falling, there was no chance of getting



her off.\* The managers of the Company, as well they might be, were at their wits' ends. But with indomitable courage and energy they bought and fitted up a steam tug, the *Seagull*, to take the place of the *Phoenix*. But precious time had been lost. An entire month elapsed before the *Seagull* could put in an appearance at Vardo; and some days were consumed in fitting out a small schooner, the *Olaf*, which she was to tow with the extra coals required for her consumption. At last, to our intense relief, a final telegram was received from Newcastle ordering us to proceed, notwithstanding the lateness of the season.

It was on Tuesday, the 4th of September, that after a weary month's stay we left Vardo. The departure of our little flotilla caused quite a stir in the usually quiet town. At the end of the small breakwater a crowd had collected, who gave us a hearty cheer as we slowly steamed out, the *Labrador* the flagship, so to speak, leading the way, followed by the *Seagull* towing the tiny *Olaf*. It was a beautiful still clear evening, and as we stood watching the fluttering handkerchiefs of the kind friends who had so greatly helped to make our stay at Vardo tolerable by their hospitalities, we wondered when we should see the little harbour again, within a week or so after an unsuccessful attempt, or not till the *Labrador* undertook another journey next year after successfully accomplishing her work this.

The beautiful stillness of the night at once roused the suspicions of our sailors—pessimists of the worst kind; and unfortunately their fears were only too speedily realized. The next day broke in upon us with a dark and threatening sky, a falling glass, and all the indications of dirty weather. We had spent all day in a kind of steaming competition with the *Seagull*, out of which the *Labrador* had come triumphant; but towards night we let her come up with us, as the very heavy sea which was beginning to rise made us anxious to keep within hail. Soon the breeze freshened to a gale, and a nasty beam-sea made us very uncomfortable, as the tug, deep laden with her stock of coals, was likewise hampered by the schooner. Our great fear was that we should part company, and this we were finally forced to do, the *Labrador* having to go off before the wind under storm sails, her engines not being powerful enough to force her ahead in the teeth of such a gale. At midnight we lost sight of the lights of our two consorts, and with this the fate

\* It turned out afterwards, when too late, that the *Phoenix* was got off and reached Golchika in good time, and there waited for the *Labrador*.

of the expedition of 1888 was practically sealed. For three days we tried hard to make Kolguieff Island, the first rendezvous agreed upon between the two captains in case of separation. But the continual thick weather and heavy sea, and the fact that the position of Kolguieff Island differs on the Russian and English charts, at last decided the Captain to run straight for Nova Zembla, sail, if possible, through the Kara Straits, make his way down the east coast of Nova Zembla, and run into the Jugor Straits, where he hoped the *Seagull* might follow us from Kolguieff. But this plan likewise was doomed not to be fulfilled. On Monday, the 10th, the sea suddenly went down, and in the evening the fog lifted, and we had fine clear weather. Next morning, when we came on deck, we were delighted to find a beautifully clear blue sky, and a sea as smooth as glass. But the delight of the passenger at this change was in no way shared by the Captain and the Arctic experts. The peculiar shimmer and brightness of the sky all along the horizon to the north, and the sudden change in the temperature—(we had two degrees of frost)—indicated the presence of ice. The question now was whether the ice was on the west or east of Nova Zembla. I do not think I was at all a *persona grata* when at 10 A.M. on the 11th I was the first to discover a little glistening speck on the horizon which soon increased in size, and turned out to be a block of ice, the forerunner of a large field of drift ice which made its appearance to the north. Almost simultaneously a high piece of land, one of the most southerly capes of Nova Zembla, was sighted. It was clear that the continued northern gales which had been buffeting us about so unmercifully for the last few days had forced this ice through the Kara Straits, in which there was of course the possibility of its being packed; so we determined once again to change our course, and steer direct for the little Russian settlement of Nikolskoe at the southern mouth of the Jugor or Petts Straits.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th of September, we sighted the low marshy island of Waigatch, the southernmost of what may be termed the Nova Zembla group. It was a fine clear morning, and the brightness of the sun, the light green colour of the water caused by its shallowness and a sandy bottom, and the sparkling of the occasional blocks of ice which were lazily floating southwards, had a dazzling effect which was glorious after the days of mist and darkness. At 3 P.M. we reached the entrance of the Jugor Straits; and after carefully feeling our

way with the lead, the water here being shallow with occasional sand-banks, and the chart not very accurate, we anchored off Nikolskoe.

As we rounded the point of the bay our hopes of finding the *Seagull* disappeared, the only vessel to be seen being a little Russian sloop, which had been driven on shore by the late gale. We had not been at anchor long when we were boarded by the captains of two Norwegian walrus sloops, who told us that their vessels had been crushed in the ice just inside the Kara Sea, and that they and their crews, eighteen in all, had made their way here in their boats. The delight of these poor wretches at the sight of a vessel was unbounded, as the unpleasant alternative of either spending the winter in this dismal part of the world, or of a long and hazardous journey along the sea coast, had been staring them in the face. Wiggins consented to take them back to Vardo, if, as was becoming painfully clear, the attempt to push on to Golchika had to be given up, and their delight was something pleasant to see. As soon as I could get a boat's crew I landed, anxious to set my foot on what is practically Siberia, though still within Europe.

Nikolskoe consists of a tiny wooden church, a gift of M. Siberiokoff; an enormous storehouse, belonging to the same gentleman; three or four log huts, and a little encampment of Samoyede summer "chooms," *i.e.* birch-bark tents. Nikolskoe is a freak of M. Siberiokoff. At a cost of 10,000 roubles he had the great wooden store brought from Vardo and erected here, but save a few reindeer-skins and a barrel or two of walrus-blubber it never contains anything. Siberiokoff, the Rothschild of these parts, has an *idle fixe*, the development of trade with Siberia *via* the river Petchora. For this purpose he has built a road across the Urals, and has set up two steamers, the *Obi* and the *Nordenskiöld*.

One or the other visits Jugorsky Shar occasionally in the interest of the five or six traders who spend the summer there. In winter these traders return to their native villages on the Petchora.

At Nikolskoe they meet the Samoyedes, who here in spring lay in their modest stock of tea, sugar, bread, powder, shot, knives, &c., and in autumn return again, if hunters, to pay for these stores with the results of their summer's trapping, if not, with reindeer skins. After the business is settled they start off for their respective winter quarters, which for the Samoyedes of

the Archangel Government, or European Samoyedes, generally lie amongst the woods on the borders of the Petchora, whilst the Asiatic Samoyedes generally make for Obdorsk, where they attend the great native fair or "Yarmarka" \* at New Year.

At Nikolskoe I saw a few families who spent the winter on Waigatch Island, where they shoot arctic bears and kill walrus and seals. But Samoyedes who make hunting their sole occupation are by no means common; they generally shoot or trap as a source of extra revenue, whilst herding their reindeer.

Rearing and tending reindeer is *par excellence* the profession of a Samoyede. If not rich enough to possess a herd of his own, he enters the service of the owner of a large herd, who keeps him and his family in food and clothes, and gives him a certain number of reindeer-calves per annum in return for his services.

The servant thus lays the foundation of a herd of his own, and, if lucky, can, after a few years' service, set up on his own account. Luck, however, plays a great part in this means of livelihood, for "reindeering" is a great lottery. The animals are very liable to a disease which corresponds to the "Rinderpest" in cattle, and which in a day or two will kill off a herd of 600 or 700 deer. If this happens in the middle of the Tundra, the local name for these great, bare Arctic Steppes, it probably means death to the owner and his entire family, as they are left possibly hundreds of versts from any human help, without food and without means of locomotion. In my subsequent journey I came upon the scene of one of these not uncommon tragedies, and I have rarely witnessed a more pathetic sight than the half-standing chooms surrounded by a few sledges and the other poor possessions of the ill-fated owners, and, scattered all around, the bones and horns of the pest-stricken herd.

The owners themselves had been subsequently buried by some native passing by, as we found their wooden box-like graves on a hill a short way off. Though the loss of the herd does not often prove as fatal as this, to the owner it always means material ruin, and I saw a good instance of this at Obdorsk, where I came across a Samoyede, at one time the owner of a herd of 7000 deer, representing roughly a capital of £3500, content to work as a labourer for 40 copecks a week.

When successful, on the other hand, the rearing of reindeer is

\* It is philologically interesting to note that this very Teutonic word, really *Fahrmarkt*, is used indiscriminately in Russian and Samoyedese to describe an annual fair.

a most profitable occupation. When clear of disease, the herd is almost sure to double in number year by year. Their cost of maintenance is *nil*, whilst they supply their owner with all his essential wants, and with the pecuniary means for obtaining such luxuries as are within his reach. Their hides provide him with clothing and shelter in the shape of his hide-covered choom; their meat forms the staple of his food. The skin of a calf in raw condition yields about three roubles; when very young and dark, as much as five. The skins of the older deer fetch about two. With this circulating medium in his pouch, the Samoyede buys the vodka and other creature-comforts his soul delights in, or adorns his wife with the spangles and strips of coloured cloth she so highly prizes. But over and above all these gifts which the mild reindeer presents to his lord is the one which to the nomad dominates and determines all the rest—that of locomotion.

This industry, if so it may be termed, necessarily implies the nomad life pure and simple, the Samoyedes pitching their tents wherever reindeer-moss is abundant, and moving off as soon as their herds have cropped the surrounding district bare.

In winter the Samoyedes prefer to be in the vicinity of forests, partly for the sake of the wood which they need for fuel, and for making new and tinkering up old sledges, partly because the snow here is not so deep as in the open Tundra, and the deer can thus get more easily at the moss. Here also they trap the white fox and ptarmigan, the wings of which have a great sale. In summer they drive their herds into the Tundra, over which a large portion of my journey lay, and which I may here take the opportunity to describe. The Tundra is a mossy marsh, slightly accentuated here and there with low hills, and sprinkled with numberless shallow lakes not connected with each other. For miles and miles the ground is so marshy that one runs the risk of sinking up to one's middle if one attempts to walk over it. Now and again one comes upon a spot where the ground resembles a Scotch moor *minus* the heather, a very springy moss with an occasional clump of low willow brushwood. These spots the native makes for when, after his day's journey, he wishes to pitch his choom, as the moss here grows thick and rich, and the brushwood affords the little fuel he requires. Not a tree, not a rock, breaks the monotony of the scene, and the greenish-brown colour of the Tundra losing itself in a dull grey sky, is as dreary a picture as the human eye can well rest upon. I was glad when snow began to fall, which, though



monotonous in its unbroken, glaring vastness, was much brighter and more cheerful than the endless marsh. In summer the Tundra is infested by swarms of mosquitoes, which make life almost impossible, even to Samoyedes.

The day after we had arrived at Nikolskoe we were boarded by several natives, some of whom came from simple curiosity, others hoping to do a little business with their reindeer-skins. The Samoyedes are a small race, with high cheek-bones, small flat noses, very yellow skins and black hair, which the men wear short, but the women in two long tresses covered over, or, to use a maritime expression, "served over," with coloured worsted. The richer ones profusely decorate these tresses with brass ornaments, chiefly old military buttons, which are sold to them at an exorbitant rate by Russian and Zyrienian merchants. They lay great store by brass rings, and I have seen the fingers of well-to-do Samoyede women so covered with them on the first two joints that they were unable to bend them. This of course only on show occasions, when they were not called upon to do any work. The men wear a large, loose garment made of tanned reindeer-skin with the hair turned inwards, which is called a "Malitza," over which very primitive garment, strange to say, is worn a dark brown envelope of linsey-woolsey, which curious blending of two extremes of civilization in the matter of dress is very characteristic of these nomads, half in and half out of Europe. The sleeves are so wide that the arms can be drawn out of them and worn inside the malitza, with the curious result that the sleeves, being very stiff, remain outstretched and motionless, giving to the wearer the appearance of a monster scarecrow, an effect the more striking that the sleeves end in gloves all of a piece, so that there is nothing to show they are not real arms and hands. As there is no opening either in front or behind, it will be seen that, except at the bottom, there is no access for the external air to the man inside the malitza, which is accordingly exceptionally well suited to the climate. The way of getting into this raiment is rather bewildering to the novice, as he has to introduce himself head-foremost from the bottom, and grope upwards in the dark for the sleeves and the outlet for his head, which is fitted with a hood smartly fringed with white fur. Under this sack-like garment the Samoyedes generally wear a common Russian peasant's scarlet shirt, having a great liking for the brighter colours. In exceptionally cold weather another coat, generally made of white reindeer-skin, with the hair turned



outwards, is pulled over the malitza, and when this coat, which is called a "salik" on the west, and a "gus" on the east side of the Urals, has been donned, the Samoyede has played his last card in the way of clothing. On their feet they wear a kind of mocassin, called "pimy," which reaches up to the knee, and is made of alternate strips of white and brown reindeer-skin and is ornamented in front with three little lines of coloured cloth. Inside this a stocking of thin, tanned leather is worn in cold weather. The use of coloured cloth in this clothing marks the state of the wearer's finances; many of the richer natives have their saliks covered with red and yellow lappets. The women wear a short coat of reindeer-skin, with the hair turned outwards and trimmed with a flounce of dog-fur, but this garment is fastened down the front more like an ordinary great-coat. As far as I could discover by discreet observation, they wear a shirt and drawers of fully-tanned leather next their skin; they are shod like the men in "pimy." On their heads they wear a bonnet of reindeer or dog-skin, the shaggier the better, in shape exactly like the sun-bonnet worn by dairy maids in England. All their clothes are sewn with the dried back sinews of their universal provider, the reindeer.

I found these people (when sober) of a very quiet, almost timid disposition, and as a rule very silent, hardly ever speaking unless addressed. I am also assured that they are by nature very honest when not brought into too frequent contact with Zyrienians and other rascally vagabonds who infest the Tundra and live by surreptitiously selling vodki. My experience, however, did not quite bear out this view, as on several occasions I was subjected to petty thefts; though perhaps the temptations I put in their way were too great for this natural honesty. How could the ornament-loving heart of a Samoyede woman resist a bright nickel-plated dog-chain and their spouses the attraction of two inviting-looking bottles? The male thieves, however, were not so lucky in their loot as their weaker halves, for the latter, on my arrival at Obdorsk, strutted about decked with little sections of dog-chain, much to the envy of their friends; whilst the former suffered for several days from the unexpected effects of Worcester sauce and castor oil.

On not finding the missing *Seagull*, as we had hoped, at Jugorsky Shar, Captain Wiggins finally decided, with a heavy heart, to give up the attempt to push on to Golchika this year. He proposed, after waiting a few days here, in hope of the tug

putting in an appearance, to make a short cruise in the Kara Sea, to test the route once more in so exceptionally bad a season as the present,\* and then to return as quickly as possible to England. Everybody's disappointment, from the man before the mast to the captain, was intense; and nobody's greater than mine. I therefore resolved to make a cross-country journey, *coûte que coûte*, and as it was impossible to visit the Yenesei, at least to make acquaintance with the second monster river of Siberia, the Obi.

A conversation with Captain Wiggins had first suggested this idea to me. Amongst the various schemes for the development of this gigantic country there was one which he considered practicable, and, if practicable, of the greatest importance. It is to establish direct communication between the Obi and the Kara Sea by joining the Shuchia and Baidarata rivers at the base of Yalmal Peninsula by a canal. By this means a thousand miles of dangerous coasting round the Yalmal Peninsula would be avoided and a short cut to the sea effected. All the expeditions made to explore this inhospitable region had started from the south, and it struck me that some more light might be thrown upon the question even, by such a casual and untechnical traveller as myself, by attacking the journey from the north. I was well aware that even if I succeeded in accomplishing this route, my observations, utterly devoid of scientific value, could not be of great use, but I thought the mere fact of a small expedition having passed over the ground in question, for which an opportunity is naturally rarely afforded, might be of some slight practical utility. Luckily, I found on board the *Labrador*, in the person of the ship's cook, a first-rate man to act as interpreter and valet on an expedition of this kind. This man, Alexander Trontjehn, a native of Riga, had exchanged from one of Siberiokoff's steamers at Vardo into the *Labrador* to replace our poor old Goa *chef de cuisine*, whom the prospects of a winter in the Arctic Regions had frightened back to England.

Alexander claimed to have got to Siberia as a "political," but I afterwards discovered that he had no right to boast of this aristocratic position amongst exiles, but had been sent to Tobolsk on some less romantic pretext. I, however, found him excessively useful and honest whilst in my employ, and have nothing to reproach him with. He had accompanied Professor

\* He did so test it after we parted company with perfectly satisfactory results.

Saumier in the same capacity as I had engaged him for, whilst the former was travelling in the west of Siberia, and he had twice made the journey across the Urals from Siberia to the Petchora in difficult circumstances. He had a large stock of anecdotes and personal experiences of convict life in Siberia, which helped to pass away many tedious evenings in the choom.

I had much difficulty in obtaining Captain Wiggins' consent to my leaving the *Labrador*, but when I communicated to him my intention of trying to get to Obdorsk by the Yalmal Peninsula, the old exploring spirit woke within him, and he bid me heartily God speed.

I at once set Alexander to search for the means of accomplishing my object. He soon discovered a Samoyede whose reindeer herd was feeding at some distance, and who was about to start on his annual journey to the Petchora. This man he brought on board to see whether by offer of handsome payment he might be persuaded to change his winter quarters for this year from the Petchora to Obdorsk. His name was Ivan, and he brought with him his uncle, an old, one-eyed, weather-beaten gentleman who rejoiced in the name of Gregori, and who understood Russian, of which Ivan was perfectly innocent.

My remarks, therefore, were made originally in German to Alexander, from him they were conveyed in Russian to Gregori, who passed them on in his own tongue to Ivan. I soon began to realize the difficulties the builders of the Tower of Babel must have laboured under whilst engaged in their unproductive labours. The negotiations took some time, as the natives, probably for good reason, are very suspicious when dealing with foreigners, but I could see that Ivan was evidently attracted by the idea of making some money in so easy a way.

What could it matter to him whether he spent his winter at Obdorsk or on the Petchora? Besides, the idea of being present at the 'Yarmarka' seemed to be very alluring. But his interest of course was to make difficulties. He pleaded the danger of crossing the Urals (always a bugbear to the natives); his ignorance of the road, having never been farther than the Kara River; and also the smallness of his herd, which numbered between three and four hundred, for so long a journey. However, he finally came to the conclusion that for the consideration of five hundred reindeer he would undertake the contract. This I regarded as a very facetious sally on his part, saying that for

that sum we would willingly cede him the *Labrador* and all she contained. A reindeer, however, I found was the recognized unit of value, as amongst some tribes of the Ostiaks is the Siberian squirrel. For this purpose the reindeer is generally considered to be worth five roubles, but this price varies a good deal according to the locality and time of year.

I am glad to be able thus to afford to the teachers of the Dismal Science another graphic and still existing illustration for the etymology of *pecunia*, on which they so love to dwell.

After much haggling, with, I must admit, much patience on both sides, we agreed that for fifty reindeer, or about £25, Ivan should convey us as quickly as possible to Obdorsk by whatever route I should wish to attempt; that he should shelter us in his choom, provide us with reindeer meat at a fixed rate, and engage the services of another native of his acquaintance, Michael, who was well acquainted with the Urals and the various routes to Obdorsk.

He engaged to be back to fetch us in a week's time. When I saw him going over the side with his old mentor Gregori, I certainly had a feeling that I was "in for it."

The day after this matter had been settled, to everybody's astonishment, not to say consternation, a field of ice made its appearance and began rapidly to drive down the Straits.

Nothing was left to us but respectfully to retire. So on the following morning, having taken the shipwrecked Norwegians on board, we steamed out of the little bay to a safe anchorage at the entrance of the Straits. Captain Wiggins' intention was to watch the movement of this ice, and if it was driven back into the Kara Sea, to follow it, and see how matters stood there. For a week we lay at our anchor watching the huge masses of ice drifting before the continually changing wind, but never seeming to make up their mind to drift clear of the Straits and thus allow us to return to Nikolskoe.

At last, on Wednesday, the 19th of September, a strong south wind set the ice back at a good rate up the Straits, and Captain Wiggins was able to squeeze past the floating mass and anchor in our original ground off Nikolskoe. The same evening Ivan made his appearance with twenty-one picked reindeer-steers to take me to the main encampment, which, he alleged, was about ten versts off, there being no food for the deer close to the sea shore. On Captain Wiggins' suggestion I added a third person to my expedition in the shape of Mr. John Crowther, one of the

heroes of Leigh Smith's Polar expeditions in the *Eira*, who was acting as second mate on board the *Labrador*. On Thursday, the 20th of September, Alexander, Crowther, my colley Tosca, and I left the *Labrador* and got back definitely to *terra firma*, to undertake, with a hard winter before us, the journey to Obdorsk over the Tundras and across the most northerly spurs of the Ural.

I shall never forget the busy scene presented by the little settlement that afternoon. The Russian traders, all the Samo-yedes camping in the neighbourhood, and a large portion of the *Labrador's* crew pressed about the three strings of sledges, seven sledges to each string, which were to convey us to our future home, the choom. The reindeer, the oldest and most respectable members of the herd, lay quietly before the sledges, chewing the cud with a stoical indifference as to their surroundings which only animals endowed with this faculty are capable of. There were plenty of hands to help us to pack our small stock of provisions on to the sledges, an operation which did not take long. In the meanwhile the traders were busy extracting from Ivan the sixty roubles which, according to the agreement, I had paid him in advance, and of which by the time we were ready for the start not more than two or three were left.

Whilst our provisions were being stowed I had time to examine the sledges which were to convey us and our fixtures into the unknown. The body of the sledge is placed very high on a pair of long thin runners, having a gradual curve and projecting about four feet beyond the actual sledge, so that they break the shock when the sledge is being driven over rough ground. All the parts of the sledge are lashed together with reindeer-skin thongs, and it is owing to the great elasticity and pliancy thereby given to the whole fabric that these flimsy constructions resist the very rough treatment to which they are as a rule subjected.

The method of harnessing the deer is of the simplest: a broad leather hoop passes round the neck; to this is fastened the long thong, which serves as trace, and which passes down the chest between the fore legs and out between the hind legs. The driving is done with a single rein, which is fastened to a crooked piece of bone or wood, fastened immediately over the ball of the eye, one of the tenderest parts in the reindeer, and which, if scientifically jerked to the right or left, causes the animal to answer to the rein very quickly. The outside deer on the near

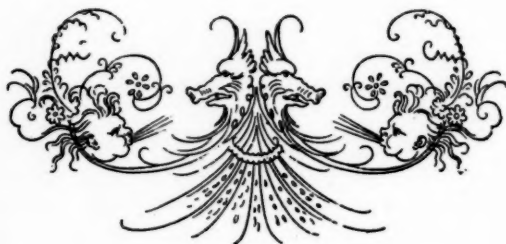
side is the only one provided with this arrangement, and the biggest and oldest deer are always placed in this responsible position, the others being kept to their work by the "Chavé," or long driving pole. A good "leading" deer is the most valuable of a Samoyede's possessions, and will often cost as much as three or four ordinary deer. The usual number of deer harnessed to a sledge is three, but this of course varies according to the weight carried, age of the deer, &c.

By the time I had examined all these details our caravan was ready for a start, and the critical moment of my adventure had arrived.

Perhaps I ought to give, but I fear I cannot give, a sensational account of the parting scene, it was all so simply got through. A last look at the *Labrador* surrounded by the huge masses of floating ice, and looking rather uncanny in the gathering sea mist, a warm shake of the hand from my late shipmates, a true British cheer, and we were silently making our way over the pathless waste into the closing gloom and drizzling rain, with old Gregori driving my sledge and whistling to his deer, as if every day of his life he started on an unknown journey in as strange company as we must have appeared to him.

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.

(To be continued.)





## The Railways of Scotland.

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### I. SOME FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT HISTORY.\*

THE most obvious and important difference between the railways of Scotland and the railways of England, taking the two systems as a whole, is suggested by the first glance at the map of them as given in *Bradshaw*. Railways in England are many, in Scotland comparatively few. With three-fifths of the area of the larger country, Scotland has little more than one-fifth of the railway mileage, and even of this scant total of some 3000 miles, not much over one-third is double line, while in England the proportion is the other way. In fact, though the traffic carried over its railways and its total railway capital are almost three times as great, in mere length of miles Scotland is but little ahead of Ireland. A comparison, however, between Scotch and Irish railways would be evidently unprofitable. In one respect only can the latter claim pre-eminence ; though they have only a third of the traffic, they employ four times as many boards of directors to look after it.

Another point may be noticed. Even round London itself the network of lines is scarcely closer woven than it is round Newcastle, or Leeds, or Manchester, and two or three more provincial towns. In Scotland, with the exception of three or four main routes, running, roughly speaking, north and south, and by no means as crowded as they are important, the whole traffic

\* I have to express my great obligation to Mr. George Graham, who, as one of Joseph Locke's assistants, started the first passenger-train upon the Caledonian Railway, of which for six-and-thirty years he has now been chief engineer, not only for a copy of his privately-printed work on the origin of the Caledonian, but also for much information and assistance which he has personally given me. To Mr. Drummond, the locomotive superintendent of the same line, who has placed unreservedly at my disposal a large mass of curious and interesting old railway documents collected by him, I would also tender my hearty thanks.—W. M. A.

is concentrated in the belt which stretches across the centre of the country from sea to sea. Take out Ayrshire, Renfrew, Lanark, and Midlothian from the map of Scotland, and you withdraw half the population and three-quarters of the traffic. Prolong the belt north-eastwards through Stirling and Fife to Forfar and Aberdeenshire; and what remains of Scottish traffic—it consists for the most part of fish, flesh, and fowl (or at least grouse), for the good red herring mostly goes by sea—is hardly worth fighting for.

But Scotch railways deprived of the opportunity of fighting would scarcely know themselves again. We talk of fierce competition in England, and compared to the sluggish monopolies of France or Germany competition in England is doubtless keen enough, but even in Lancashire itself there is here and there such a thing as non-competitive traffic. In Scotland there is practically none. Probably the two most important places dependent entirely on a single company are Ayr and Oban. To Ayr the Caledonian already has running powers *vid* Muirkirk, which it can exercise when it pleases, and it is an open secret that it means before long to apply for leave to construct an independent line along the coast from Glasgow; while it is equally certain that, if the North British has not a share in the Oban traffic before many years are out, it will at least not be for want of trying to get it.

It is then in universal and ubiquitous competition that the keynote to the Scotch railway system is, I think, to be found. And fierce as the battle is at this moment, it is likely to wax yet fiercer in the immediate future. The gap that has hitherto parted Linlithgow from Fife is fast closing up; within three months at furthest the Forth will have been successfully bridged, and next summer we shall doubtless see a determined effort made by the North British and its allies to dislodge the Caledonian Railway from the pre-eminence it has hitherto held both at Perth and Aberdeen. Nor is this all. The lust of battle, in the language of Horace, *crescit indulgens sibi*. Scotland, as has been said, is wide, and in most parts railways are few and far between. Within the last few days Parliamentary sanction has been given to a scheme, almost as ambitious as that of the Forth Bridge itself. A new West Highland line, guaranteed and worked by the North British, is to be constructed from the Clyde, near Helensburgh, northwards along Loch Lomond, across the desolate moor of

Rannoch, to the banks of the Caledonian Canal. For the present its terminus is Fort William ; but unquestionably its promoters will not rest satisfied till they obtain extensions both to Inverness and the Ross-shire coast. In other words, the gauntlet is thrown down, and the Highland Company are challenged to a life-and-death struggle. As these pages are passing through the press, comes word of an agreement for amalgamation between the Glasgow and South-Western and the North British. If the amalgamation be sanctioned by Parliament, and Scotch public opinion seems to be very markedly in its favour so far, we shall see ere long a fight such as this generation has not known. The united Company—operating, it is true, on exterior lines, but with the great forces of the Midland, the Great Northern, and the North-Eastern behind it—will advance simultaneously from the east and the west to do battle with the Caledonian, strong in its central position and its intimate alliance with the great North-Western interest, for the supremacy of Scotland.

But of this more anon. Meanwhile we may notice that the Scotch railway system had already attained its majority before ever anything had been heard—not of competition only but actually of through traffic at all. The earliest Scotch lines, more than one of which is entitled to look down not merely upon the Liverpool and Manchester, but even upon the Stockton and Darlington itself as a mushroom upstart, were constructed simply for local traffic, mainly, of course, that in iron and coal. The nucleus of the Clydesdale Junction, an extension of the original Polloc and Govan Railway, now itself absorbed into the Caledonian, and forming the present access from London and the South to the Central Station in Glasgow, was a tramway, or “waggon-way,” as it is called on the old maps, which, as early at least as 1778, ran from the collieries of Little Govan to the Clyde at Springfield, a point below the town where now the docks end, only to give place to the great shipbuilding yards, which skirt the downward course of the river for miles. The Kilmarnock and Troon line, the main road to-day between Ayr and the South, obtained its Act of Parliament in 1808, and was opened for traffic in 1811. It is thus described in Aiton’s *Agricultural Report of Ayrshire* for that year, which was evidently written when the line was on the eve of completion :

“The distance from Troon Harbour to Kilmarnock is somewhat more than 10 miles, the total rise from Troon to Kilmarnock

being 80 or 84 ft. which is 1 in 660. The iron rails are 3 ft. long, 4 inches broad in the flat part, about 4 inches in the deepest part of the parapet, weighing each about 40 lbs. ; they are 4 ft. apart, and there is nearly 4 ft. between the two roads to allow the wagons to pass freely. The rails are fixed to square blocks of stone by nails driven into oaken pegs, 6 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, fixed into the blocks of stone. The railway crosses the Irvine by a bridge of 4 arches, one of them on dry land to make up the road, each of 40 feet span and rising 25 above the surface of the river. Raising, boring and carriage of the blocks will cost about 6*d.* each, and upwards of 70,000 are to be used in the railway. The same number of rails of cast iron at 40 lbs. each will weigh 1250 tons, which, with the carriage from Glenbuck foundry, will at present prices cost when laid down on the road, £20,000. It is said that a horse will draw upon the railway when finished from 10 to 12 tons towards Troon, and from 8 to 10 towards Kilmarnock. Each wagon when loaded weighs about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ton. A horse at this time, October 28, 1811, draws two wagons loaded, at the rate of 2 miles an hour."

The construction of the Troon and Kilmarnock line fired the inhabitants of Dumfries to demand a railway from Dumfries up Nithsdale, in order to bring down coal from the Sanquhar collieries. It was proposed that it should be built so as to be used by trucks carrying 12 to 15 cwt. apiece, with bodies which could be taken off the wheels and slung, if necessary, on board canal boats. The Dumfries people got their line, but they had to wait thirty years for it, and when it came it was rather, to use the French phrase, as a *route nationale* than merely a *chemin d'intérêt local*. But in the interval not a few other local lines were projected and carried out ; for one there was, the Edinburgh and Dalkeith, which obtained in 1826 an Act authorizing the promoters "to make and erect so many self-moving, commonly called locomotive, engines as they may think proper," and requiring the owners of wagons using the line "in all cases to put their names outside." Apparently, however, the company did not think proper to avail themselves of their right to erect self-moving engines, for down to as late as the year 1845, passengers on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith were drawn by horses to the foot of an incline, and then the carriages were attached to the ropes of a stationary engine. Now-a-days passengers get to Dalkeith by a branch off the main Waverley line, and the old road, up which, with its

gradient of 1 in 50, some seven or eight trucks are as much as an engine can take, is closed entirely as far as passengers are concerned. A somewhat similar thing has happened in the case of the Dundee and Newtyle, another line which is more than sixty years old. As originally built, it ran straight up the face of the hill out of Dundee. Locomotives being, however, less accommodating than stationary engines in the matter of gradients, the modern line winds round the side. But though the distance is doubled, probably the time occupied varies in an inverse ratio.

Much more important, however, than these latter lines were the railways in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow. It is difficult to realize that Glasgow, spite of its mediæval archbishopric and mediæval university, its associations with Queen Mary and the Covenanters, with Prince Charlie and Rob Roy, who to us are heroes of romance at least as much as historical characters, is an essentially modern town. If proof were needed of Glasgow's unimportance even so recently as a century back, it might perhaps be found in the fact that the main channel of the Forth and Clyde Canal, which, though begun in 1768, will not till next year celebrate its centenary, avoided the town altogether; and in the further fact that this undertaking, which was estimated only to cost £150,000, in spite of its association with the great names of Brindley and Smeaton, dragged on year after year for lack of funds, and was only finally completed with the aid of a grant from the public purse.

The Forth and Clyde Canal has now passed into the possession of the Caledonian, so it would have in any case a natural claim to mention in an account of the Railways of Scotland. But it has a better title than this. It was in order to get coals down from the Monkland Coalfield to the Canal for shipment that the first public railway in Scotland, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, was constructed. But before we come to this railway let us go back half a century and see what the Monkland Coalfield was. By doing so we shall be brought in contact with a name greater even than those of Brindley and Smeaton, the name of James Watt himself. In the year 1769 "the encreasing price and scarcity of coal" in Glasgow roused its citizens to consider whether a navigable canal could not be formed from the Monkland "Coalierys to the city." Watt was called in to advise. He prepared a scheme for a canal 16 feet wide at the bottom, sloping to 23 feet width at the top,

with a mean depth of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water. The canal was to be 10 miles in length, and to descend from its starting-point "one mile above Cotes Bridge" (*sic*), where it would be 266 feet above the level of the Clyde, through a series of twenty locks to the outskirts of Glasgow. But the cost of this scheme was estimated at £20,000, a charge which Watt himself felt to be prohibitory. So he submitted at the same time a second scheme. By stopping a mile short of Glasgow on the high ground to the north-east, he found it possible to dispense with the locks, and so, after allowing £1000 for Parliamentary expenses and contingencies, to bring down his revised estimate to £9653 10s.

For the mile from the terminus of the canal into the city, the carriage of the coal was to be effected by a "wagon way" down a steep slope, and the calculations as to the use to be made of this convenience are so curious as to be worth recording. It is estimated, says Watt, that the Glasgow consumpt of coal amounts annually to 70,000 tons. Of this the Monkland district is said to be capable of supplying 20,000. Assuming the cost at the pit's mouth to be 10*d.* per cart of 7 cwt.—it gives one an idea of the state of the roads and the power of the Clydesdale horses of the time to read that the normal cart-load was 7 cwt.—the coal should be delivered to the consumer in Glasgow at 20*d.* per cart, or 5*s.* per ton. He added that, supposing the consumption to increase and the canal to become inadequate for its traffic, the right way to obtain relief would be to deepen it, and so permit the use of larger barges than the 30-inch draught vessels which he proposed to employ in the first instance. "The advantage of fords for communication of lands will indeed be lost, but these can be supplied by bridges."

Two years after Watt's survey an Act was obtained "for making and maintaining a navigable cut or canal and wagon-way from the coalleries in the parishes of Old and New Monkland to the city of Glasgow." Watt was appointed to superintend the construction. His salary was £200 a year, and for this sum he had, with the assistance of a single clerk, to perform the various functions of surveyor, engineer, superintendent of works, and treasurer. According to a letter of his quoted by Mr. Smiles, he had 100 men employed under him who, as a result of twelve months' working, "made a confounded gash in a hill." The hill referred to is unquestionably Blackhill, some three miles out of Glasgow, where the gash may still be seen. For the scheme as actually carried out appears to have been of the



nature of a compromise between Watt's two proposals, and at Blackhill the canal descends towards Glasgow down a steep slope through a series of four deep locks in close succession. But the activity of Watt and his hundred men did not last long. A commercial panic in 1772 put a stop to the works, and Watt lost his place. Ten years later the bankrupt and unfinished concern was bought by the great Glasgow firm of William Stirling & Sons, who not only completed the canal, but by a new undertaking, known as "the Cut of Junction," carried it on through the outskirts of Glasgow to Port Dundas, where it united with the Glasgow branch of the Forth and Clyde Canal. Thus in the year 1790 the Monkland Collieries first obtained their access to the sea.

Like the main undertaking, of which it forms a feeder, the Monkland Canal has long been the property of the Caledonian Railway. Though its traffic has now shrunk to but small dimensions, at one time it must have been very considerable. Not only was it found necessary to duplicate the series of locks at Blackhill, but also a supplementary route was provided in a most ingenious fashion for the return of the empty barges. On the face of the hill alongside the locks, a wide road has been constructed, sloping downwards at an angle of some  $30^{\circ}$  from the canal at the top to the canal below. On this road is laid a double line of broad-gauge rails. Two iron tanks or caissons, propped up at the lower end so as to keep the water within at a level, and large enough to contain a barge afloat, ran up and down these rails on ordinary railway trucks. A caisson coming up with an empty barge was balanced against a caisson going down filled only with water, the deficiency in lifting power being made good by the help of a stationary engine. Within the last two or three years, however, not only has the use of this incline been abandoned, but one of the two series of locks has been closed, as it is found that a single set (with four lockmen where formerly a dozen were employed) is sufficient to accommodate the rapidly diminishing traffic. It is often said that railway companies should not be permitted to own canals, and that, when they do possess them, they use their power to suppress competition, so it may be added that, if any person or persons wish to obtain possession of the Monkland Canal in order to reduce the coal rates into Glasgow, there would probably be little reason to apprehend any factious opposition on the part of the Caledonian Company.

But we must get back from canals, which after all are but a very small item in the vast mass of miscellaneous property—docks, hotels, steamboats, and so forth—which has come into the possession of modern railway companies, and devote our attention to railways proper. As already mentioned, the first Scotch railway was the Monkland and Kirkintilloch. It obtained its Act of Parliament in 1824, and was opened for traffic in October 1826, one year later than the Stockton and Darlington. In one respect it is evident that its promoters had profited by Northumbrian experience. Readers of Mr. Smiles's '*Life of Stephenson*,'—and who has not read it?—will remember that the original Stockton and Darlington Act of 1821 contained no power to use locomotives, or to carry passengers, and that these defects were only remedied by an Amending Act in 1823. The original Monkland and Kirkintilloch Act contained this clause: "And be it further enacted that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Company of Proprietors, or any Person or Persons authorized or permitted by them, from and after the passing of this Act, to make and erect such and so many locomotive or moveable Engines as the said Company of Proprietors shall from Time to Time think proper and expedient, and to use and employ the same in and upon the said Railway, for the purpose of facilitating the Transport, Conveyance, and Carriage of Goods, Merchandize, and other Articles and Things upon and along the same, and for the Conveyance of Passengers upon and along the same." This Act authorized the expenditure of £32,000; but in the preamble of an Amending Act passed nine years later it is stated that "the said Railway has been made and executed at an Expence considerably exceeding the Amount originally estimated for completing the same."

As opened for traffic in October 1826, the railroad was 10 miles in length. It was a single line, with passing-places at intervals. Within ten years, however, the growth of the traffic compelled the directors to double it throughout. There was a fall of 127 feet from the starting-point "on the March or Division between the Lands of Palace Craig and Cairnhill in the Parish of Old Monkland" to the terminus at the Kirkintilloch basin on the Canal, or, in other words, a favourable gradient averaging about 1 in 400 throughout. At the outset the proprietors do not appear to have availed themselves of their privilege of using movable engines, for we read that "one horse draws four wagons=12 tons, and returns with the empty wagons, making

three journeys in two days." The whole expense amounts to 1s. 2d. per ton, made up as follows: haulage, 5d.; railway dues, 7d.;—the statutory maximum under this head was 1s. 8d.—wagon hire, 2d. On one occasion it is reported that the horse "Dragon" drew 14 wagons=50 tons, from Gargill Colliery to Kirkintilloch, a distance of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles, in 103 minutes. But even Dragons could not long contend against the fire-breathing monsters that were overrunning the country, and in 1832 it is chronicled that most of the work is already done by two locomotives. As an instance of the consequent reduction of rates of carriage, it is added that, during the construction of the line, 6s. 11d. per ton was asked for the carriage of rails up from Kirkintilloch to Gargill; it can now be done for 9d. A second result is given in these words:—"The coal on one property previous to the commencement of the railway was offered at a rent of £30 a year and refused, and now the proprietor is obtaining £200 a year for it, and even this sum is expected soon to be doubled. The ironstone on another property was offered previous to the commencement of the railway for £100; it was afterwards sold for £500, and was thought a cheap bargain." One is glad to know that the railway company had some share in the prosperity which their enterprise had created. As early as 1828 they were getting 6 per cent. for their money, and their stock was at a premium of 50 per cent.

In May, 1826, a month or two before the Monkland and Kirkintilloch was opened for traffic, a new Act was obtained for the construction of a subsidiary railway, or, to speak more accurately, of a series of three branches, with a total length of  $5\frac{3}{4}$  miles, to act as feeders of the main line. This new undertaking was known as the Ballochney. The capital was fixed at the very precise figure of £18,491 19s., the exact amount of the engineers' estimate; and to the credit of the engineers be it said that the line was opened for traffic with £200 of the capital unexpended. The Monkland and Kirkintilloch had traversed a tolerably level country; but the new road, which went up among the different collieries, passed through a more difficult district, so the tolls authorized were double those of the parent line, and amounted to 3d. per ton per mile for goods or minerals, with an additional 6d. per ton for each of the inclined planes over which they passed, and 4d. per mile for passengers. The method on which the line was worked is described in a contemporary account as borrowed from the Mawchunk Railway in

America. A horse drew the loaded trucks along the level till they came to the top of the incline. Down the incline they would of course run by their own weight, so the horse was taken round to the tail of the train, where he became a passenger in a low wagon specially constructed for his accommodation, and refreshed himself with hay and water till his services were again called into requisition at the bottom.

The Ballochney Railway before long was paying 20 per cent., so in 1835 the Company obtained powers not only to make a new branch, but also to contribute half the capital to a more ambitious undertaking known as the Slamannan Railway, with a capital of no less than £65,769, which was to continue the railway system north-eastwards from the termination of the Ballochney, through Slamannan and Avonbridge to Causeway End, where it formed a connection with the Edinburgh and Glasgow Union Canal, and so gave a new and independent outlet to the Monkland Coalfield. Whatever was the reason, perhaps because at the outset it was weighted with so enormous a capital expenditure, the Slamannan was not like its predecessors a financial success. But 1835 is bringing us down to comparatively modern times, and this is not the place for a complete history of Scotch railways. So we must be content with just noting that in the year 1848 the three companies above named, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, the Ballochney, and the Slamannan, amalgamated into one concern under the title of the Monkland Railways, that in 1865 the Monkland Railways were bought up by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which latter in its turn was absorbed the same year into the North British. We may notice too that, though for a mile or so northwards from the world-famous ironworks of Gartsherrie the Caledonian through trains to the North run over it under Parliamentary powers, the greater part of the original Monkland and Kirkintilloch line has long been closed to passenger traffic. It may be added further that, an outlet to a canal having ceased to be of any practical value, the old railways have been continued onward, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch to the shores of Loch Lomond, and the Slamannan to the port of Bo'ness on the Firth of Forth.

The North British is, after all, but an intruder in this part of Scotland. Its proper territory lies rather on the East than on the West coast. The leading Glasgow railway is and has been from the first the Caledonian Company. And the line next in

order of seniority to the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, the Garnkirk Railway, which obtained its Act in 1826, may fairly be looked upon as the nucleus of the Caledonian. Chronologically speaking, the gap between 1824 and 1826 is narrow enough, but the development of the railway idea in the interval is remarkable. The elder line was only intended to supplement water-carriage; the younger, which for practical purposes may be described as following throughout the course of the Monkland Canal, boldly challenged competition with it. And the challenge was not delivered without good reason. Glasgow had grown in the half-century since Watt's survey. The city gas-works alone were using, says a contemporary account, hard by 16,000 tons of coal per annum. Thirty thousand more were required by the chemical works at St. Rollox, then and now "perhaps the most extensive," as their chimney is perhaps the highest, and certainly among the most odoriferous, "in the world." And the St. Rollox works adjoined the new Garnkirk terminus. Here the railway had a great advantage over the canal in its complete arrangements for rapid delivery. The trucks, we are told, ran in on a high level into the *dépôt*; the body was tipped up at one end with the aid of a *dum-craft*, and the coal fell through trap-doors in the iron floor into carts which were in waiting beneath. The railway was opened in 1831, when amidst a scene of great public rejoicing the first train was drawn along the line by the "George Stephenson" engine, whose driver was none other than George Stephenson himself. The cost of the carriage of coal from the Monkland field to Glasgow fell within a short period from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. per ton.

But great though the benefit might be which they had conferred on the citizens of Glasgow, the Garnkirk Company were not over prosperous themselves. On their  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles of line they had expended the enormous sum, as it was then considered, of over £12,000 a mile. They found it necessary therefore to exert their utmost efforts to augment their receipts. In the report for 1835 the directors, or rather the committee, to call them by the name in use at the time, confess to a "material increase of expenditure" in the item of advertising and printing. The amount for the year was £57 6s. 11d. "The reason is," they say, "that perseverance in frequently advertising the passenger carriages by newspaper notices and otherwise is found to promote an increase of trade amply justifying the expense so



incurred." Here is an extract from the diary of the late Mr. Walter Linn, one of the too many officials of the original railways who have dropped off within the last few years, showing what we may fairly take as a specimen of the great results of the Company's lavish expenditure.

"October 23rd, 1834.—General Fast Day in Glasgow. A great crowd of people about the depôt all day ; many passengers went up the railway.

|                               |                                   |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1st train half-past 7 . . . . | 6 coaches and 3 iron-wagons full. |
| 11 o'clock . . . .            | 10 ditto and 8 ditto.             |
| 12 o'clock . . . .            | 19 coal-wagons full.              |
| 2 o'clock . . . .             | 9 coaches and 8 iron-wagons.      |
| 3 o'clock . . . .             | 4 coaches full.                   |
| 5 o'clock . . . .             | 3 ditto.                          |

"Everything moved on with the greatest regularity; not the least delay, nor did any accident take place, and not so much as one wagon went off the rails. We had about 1250 passengers out, and the whole of that number returned. Collected £60 1s. 6d." "Collected" is evidently the right word to use, for it was only in March 1837, so Mr. Linn records, that after a consultation with Mr. King, the secretary, he adopted the plan of supplying passengers with tickets before starting, and opened a booking-office for the purpose at St. Rollox.

In the same report the committee strikes out another idea. "It is intended," they say, "with the co-operation of the Monkland and Kirkintilloch and Ballochney Railway Companies, to add to the passenger trade the conveyance of goods and parcels between Glasgow and Airdrie. This branch of business may be ultimately let, perhaps, but in the first instance the Company will likely require to start it, or at least provide the necessary carriages and places for receiving and securing the goods. The shop in Glasford Street, occupied by the Company this season, was procured chiefly with a view to this trade ; but the delay in proceeding with the requisite accommodation near Airdrie, for which this Company were dependent on another, has prevented it being yet applied to that purpose. Keeping open this shop in town has, however, been found of very considerable advantage to the passenger trade."

This proposal to let the conveyance of parcels and goods is worth notice as one instance of the fact—which cannot be too distinctly grasped by any one who wishes to understand not



the ancient history of our railways merely, but also the bearings of the very modern question of railway rates—that the original conception of a railway company was not that of a carrier at all, but simply of a company owning a road and charging a certain toll for the use of it. To quote one instance among a thousand. In 1837, several years after haulage by horses had disappeared from the line, and when therefore it is evident that the carriage of passengers must have become a monopoly of the Company, who alone possessed locomotives, the committee enter their passenger receipts under two heads. £1543 15s. is credited under the head of tolls, while a further sum of £1017 5s. is set down as received for haulage. The committee, by the way, were evidently very particular in keeping their accounts. A brick shed had to be repaired, and of the cost, £6 14s. 5½d. was allowed to be charged to capital, but the remaining 6s. was debited to the current year's revenue. Similarly some improvements in the Gartsherrie Inn were divided between two accounts, capital, £2 13s.; revenue, £1 18s. 3d. On the whole, the Garnkirk proprietors had reasons to be satisfied with the result of their attention to the passenger traffic. In the five years after the opening of the line the tonnage of minerals carried had only risen from 114,000 to 140,000. In the same period a steady and continuous increase had raised the number of passengers from 62,000 to 145,000.

We have almost forgotten the fact now-a-days, but railways in their early days had to compete for passenger traffic with something besides stage coaches. "Railroads, except in very peculiar circumstances, are behind the age," says in 1831 the author of a pamphlet written to prove the absurdity of building one between Edinburgh and Glasgow. He adds that the future is on the side not of cumbrous locomotives with their long lumbering trains, but of steam road-carriages, "of which a great many are already required by coach proprietors, carriers of merchandize and others for their use on the public roads." This gentleman may be hardly an impartial witness, but it is at least certain that Mr. Scott Russell—afterwards the builder of the Great Eastern—established in 1834 "a line of steam coaches between Glasgow and Paisley, as the regular mode of conveyance. These ran for many months with the greatest regularity and success, and the trip, a distance of 7½ miles, was run in 45 minutes. An accident caused by the breaking of a wheel which happened to one of the carriages being unfortunately

attended with fatal results, caused the Court of Session to interdict the whole set of carriages from running.”\*

But steam road-carriages were not the only competitors. The track-boats on the canals must have been an almost equally speedy, and certainly a considerably safer mode of conveyance than the early railways. In a prospectus issued in 1836 for a much-planned but never-executed Garnkirk and Falkirk Junction Railway, it is stated that the passengers by canal between Falkirk and Glasgow amounted to 300,000 per annum, and though the distance cannot have been much under 30 miles, it is added that the journey was performed in 3 hours. Even the heavy barges with a load of 40 tons covered the 56 miles from end to end in 18 hours. On the Ardrossan Canal, says the same authority, one horse drew 60 passengers 8 miles, from Glasgow to Paisley in three-quarters of an hour, returning to Glasgow in the afternoon at the same pace. From Glasgow to Johnstone, 4 miles further, the time was an hour and half. From Liverpool to Sankey, on the road to Manchester—to quote a parallel English instance—the speed was 10 miles an hour. It is an interesting proof of the early adoption of the very low fares, which have long been one of the most creditable features of the traffic down the river from Glasgow, to learn that while the fares to Sankey were 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*, those to Johnstone, only one mile less distance, were 1*s.* and 9*d.*

The mention of the Ardrossan Canal brings us naturally to the third and last of the great railways of Scotland, the Glasgow and South-Western, of which this undertaking may be considered to be in some sort the nucleus. Let it be said, to start with, that the title is a somewhat ridiculous misnomer, for the Canal never got within 20 miles of Ardrossan. The full style and title was “The Glasgow, Paisley, and Ardrossan Canal,” and its inception dates from 1804, in which year the then Lord Eglinton formed a company, and obtained an Act for its construction,

\* The accident alluded to was nothing less than the bursting of the steam-coach boiler. These steam-coaches escaped the payment of tolls, which were by Act of Parliament authorized to be levied upon all vehicles “drawn by one or more horses, mules, &c.” They were consequently the object of the fiercest hostility of the road trustees; and when the accident took place, owing to a wheel breaking on a newly-metalled portion of the road, it was openly asserted that the metal had been laid down extra thick with the object of disabling the new-fangled coach. Indeed, a very strongly-worded letter from the clerk to the trust, which had appeared in the newspapers only a few days before, was believed to point to an intention on the part of the trustees to pursue some such policy.

with the evident intention of making Ardrossan, a place with great natural advantages, the outport for the rapidly growing trade of Glasgow. But fast as the trade grew, the faster the energy of the citizens worked to improve the navigation of the Clyde; and the canal which commenced at "Tradestown, near Glasgow," now one of the busiest manufacturing quarters of the city, never got any further seawards than Johnstone. Here it stuck for over twenty years, till in 1837—the canal era having now given place to the railway age—its proprietors obtained leave to complete their route by the construction of a railway.

The waterway having begun to work downwards from the interior, it was only in the fitness of things that the railway should advance inwards from the sea-coast. And so it did; but it, too, stuck after it had got as far as Kilwinning, a distance of about 5 miles. It is true that the proprietors atoned for their failure to carry out their Act by the construction of two short colliery branches, for which they had no statutory powers whatever. The line was laid in the roughest and most haphazard fashion, but it served with considerable advantage, not only as a mineral line to Ardrossan Harbour, but also as a road for a one-horse omnibus, which ran backwards and forwards for the benefit of the population of Ardrossan and Kilwinning, as well as of the small towns of Stevenson and Saltcoats, which lie between them. In 1836 a company, which also deemed an Act of Parliament a superfluity, was projected with a capital of £5000 to "form an edge railway from the Dirrans branch of the Ardrossan and Johnstone railway to the town of Irvine, for the continued direct conveyance of Coals, Stones, Goods, Passengers, &c." Next year, the Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Ayr Railway, a company whose title is self-explanatory, obtained its Act; and in 1840 the 5-mile fragment of the Ardrossan line took powers dissolving the Mezentian union with the moribund canal, and authorizing a junction with the new railway, in whose undertaking, now known as the Glasgow and South-Western, it has long ago been absorbed. It may here be appropriately added that the derelict canal was bought only a few years back by the South-Western Company, and filled up and converted into an alternative route to relieve the congestion on their main line into Glasgow.

It was stated at the beginning of this article that the earliest of the local lines preceded by fully twenty years the first of the through routes. But in tracing the history of a few of the more

important of the former, we have now reached the point where the latter begins to appear upon the scene. The first proposal for a railway connecting England and Scotland was in the year 1833, for a line which has never been made from that day to this, and which—if railway prophecies were not proverbially even more fallacious than prophecies in general—one would be inclined to assert never would be. The proposed route was from Newcastle, by Otterbourne, Jedburgh, and Melrose. Thence to Edinburgh it followed the present Waverley route by Galashiels, while a branch diverged up the Tweed and reached Glasgow by way of Peebles, Biggar, and the Clyde Valley. This route had one great and conspicuous advantage, it afforded equal accommodation to both Edinburgh and Glasgow. The East Coast road by Berwick, if it had been adopted as the only line between England and Scotland, would have placed Glasgow at an immense disadvantage. The western route by Dumfries and Kilmarnock would have been equally unsatisfactory to Edinburgh. And, as Mr. Gladstone told the House of Commons last year, even as late as 1842 "it was firmly believed to be absolutely impossible, that there should ever be more than one railway into Scotland."

It is a commonplace of early English railway history to talk of the senseless opposition—where at least it was not a cloak for extortion—of the great landowners. Every one knows the story of the Duke of Cleveland's fox-covers which barred the progress of the Stockton and Darlington, and of the lords of Knowsley and Toxteth who turned aside the course of the Liverpool and Manchester. It was largely owing to the enlightened 'master of Althorp that Northampton was left for forty years, stranded on one side of the great stream of traffic which swept through Blisworth. To the credit of the landlords of Scotland be it said, that the lairds of Dumfriesshire conceived and carried out the Caledonian Railway.

In 1836 the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, and the Northern Union were all fast approaching completion, and their united systems would convey passengers direct from Preston to London; so Joseph Locke was called in to survey a continuation northwards into Scotland. As far as the Scotch border, he recommended what was practically the existing West Coast line. Beyond that point, so he states in his report, he naturally first turned his attention to the direct mail-coach road, "laid out, I believe, by the late Mr. Telford." Along that route

up to Beattock Bridge, near Moffat, he found everything tolerably favourable. But in the 10 miles from Beattock Bridge to Beattock Summit there would need to be a rise of "nearly 700 feet, which, supposing it to be uniform the whole way, would give an inclination of 1 in 75."

Ten miles of such a gradient the great engineer felt to be a hopeless impossibility. "Not wishing," he writes, "to recommend a line having such a plane as this, I was under the necessity of departing from the straight course." He turned aside reluctantly and advised a line up the gently sloping Nithsdale and over the Cummock hills to Kilmarnock, and then on to Glasgow past Dalry and Beith and Paisley. The following year, as has been already mentioned, an Act was obtained for the construction of the portion of this route between Kilmarnock and Glasgow, and in the Mania year, 1846, leave was given to construct the remaining portion between Carlisle—or, more accurately, from Gretna, where it joined the Caledonian—and Kilmarnock; but the promoters were no longer Joseph Locke's clients.

But let us return to his original report. This document was sent by Mr. Hope Johnstone, M.P., the largest proprietor in the Moffat district, to his agent, or factor, to use the Scotch expression, Mr. Charles Stewart. Mr. Stewart declined to abandon his hopes for an Annandale line. "As for *paying*," he writes, "I have no idea that it would do so immediately, but the country is now making such rapid strides in everything, that one would not despair of this, ultimately embracing, as it would do, a large share of the intercourse between England and Scotland." On the other hand he was entirely sure that "the passing of the railway up Annandale would be of incalculable importance to its prosperity . . . would perhaps double the value of its productions in no distant time," and he accordingly determined that it was "only after every effort is made that the idea should be abandoned." He pointed out that, according to Telford's survey, the summit was 100 feet lower than Mr. Locke had made; argued that a tunnel such as Mr. Locke had himself proposed at Shap did not "seem altogether out of the question;" suggested the use of stationary engines; anything rather than give up the line.

In the result a local committee was formed with Mr. Hope Johnstone at its head, subscriptions amounting to £150 were raised, and in the autumn of 1837 Mr. Locke, having got the Grand Junction open and off his hands, came down a second



time to Scotland and resurveyed the line. Here is the pith of his observations on the crucial point, "the plane of the Evan," as he calls the 10 miles of line, now-a-days (largely in consequence of the wonderful performances of Mr. Drummond's superb "No. 123" in the race of last summer) known to railway men all over the world as the "Beattock Bank." "The inclination," he writes, "is similar to those on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which are worked by assistant locomotive engines. Of the facilities of drawing up considerable weights at moderate speeds there is no doubt; in short the ascent involves nothing but more power and more time. In the descent, however, there is more danger, and this is a question of importance. Perfect machinery and perfect watchfulness on the part of the attendants leave no room for apprehension. A train of passengers on an inclined plane of 1 in 93 may be kept under perfect control by ordinary means. On the other hand a plane like this ought not to be adopted without sufficient reason. You cannot expect it to be so economically worked, nor so certain in its operation as a line of equal length that is free from such a plane."

Mr. Locke ended by giving the scheme a qualified approval, and suggested that, as the object was one of national importance, the Government should institute a thorough and minute inquiry into the competing proposals. This the Government did, and, as all the world knows, the commission reported in 1841 expressing "the preference they felt bound to give to the western route to Scotland by Lockerbie, under the supposition that at present one line of railway only can be formed from the South to Edinburgh and Glasgow." Then followed a weary struggle of four more years. The Clydesdale landowners, who were as much concerned as their neighbours south of the watershed, were apathetic; Glasgow, interested in its Ayrshire line, was largely hostile; Edinburgh was desirous of an East Coast road all its own; everybody was waiting in the hope of Government assistance. Worse than all, a heavy cloud of trade depression overhung the country. But through it all the Annandale Committee held on. In 1844, by which time not only had trade much improved, but also some unknown genius had discovered a name suitable for the company which claimed to be the national line—the Caledonian Railway,—matters at length got to the point of issuing a prospectus. The capital asked for was £1,800,000. Next year, after a battle royal with the promoters of the Dumfries line, with eight counsel (among them Charles



Austin) on the one side, and seven (among them Cockburn, Wrangham, and Hope Scott) on the other, the Caledonian Bill was passed through both Houses and received the Royal assent on the last day of July. The Annandale gentry had got their line, and their leader, Hope Johnstone, deservedly became the first chairman of the company. In the crash which followed the wild speculation of 1846, not a few of them, however, had reason to wish that the Evan Water had really been the impassable barrier which Locke at first had fancied it.

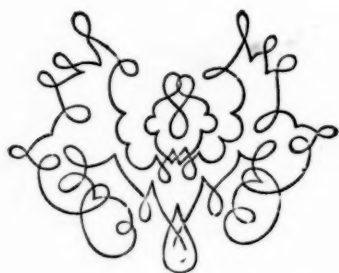
Meanwhile the outlook was bright enough. At the first statutory meeting of the new company the chairman placed before the shareholders a summary of their position. They had got their Act for a line northwards from Carlisle, with branches to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, and to Castlecary for the north. Their access to Glasgow was already secured by agreement with the Garnkirk line. The Clydesdale Junction, which had been sanctioned that same session, would give them a connection to Paisley, to Greenock and to Ayrshire. Northwards from Castlecary, the allied Scottish Central would carry them on to Perth, where the Scottish Midland, and then the Aberdeen Line would form the last links in the chain which stretched away to the metropolis of the North. "Companies with ample subscribed capitals and 10 per cent. deposited had been formed for extending the Caledonian system into every part of Scotland." Next year would see introduced Bills for the following :—

1. The Caledonian Extension, from Lanark westward to Ayr, eastward to join the North-Eastern line at Kelso.
2. The Caledonian and Ayrshire Junction, to connect Kilmarnock with Railway No. 1, and thereby form a through route from Kilmarnock to Carlisle.
3. The British and Irish Union from Dumfries to Portpatrick.
4. The Caledonian and Dumbarton Junction, joining the Glasgow and Garnkirk line to Dumbarton, with possibly a further extension to the West Highlands.
5. A line from Perth to Inverness.
- 6A. Branches of the Scottish Central to Alloa and Crieff.
- 6B. Private lines to Tillicoultry and Dumblane.

A glance at a railway map will show that almost every one of these lines has now been carried out. Their course, however, was not always so smooth as Mr. Hope Johnstone fancied it was about to be. They have not all been executed in the Caledonian interest, nor has their result been to secure to that company the impregnable position which the sanguine spirits in

1845 imagined themselves on the eve of securing. But though the hopes of 1845 were doomed to disappointment, the Scotch people can at least claim that, as they had been among the first to appreciate the value of railways for local traffic, so now they were among the first, if not indeed actually the first, to draw out on a large scale and in bold outline, a comprehensive scheme of railways in their newer development as the grand highways of national and international communication. Next month we shall see that the modern performances of the Scotch lines are not all unworthy of their early promise.

W. M. ACWORTH.



## Is the Hospital Sunday Fund a Failure?

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Now that it has become possible to criticise the action of the Hospital Sunday Fund without even the semblance of wishing to check the liberality of its supporters, I venture to lay before the readers of this Magazine some few of the reasons which would seem to be causes of ill-success in a movement which ought to be so popular.

It may be accepted perhaps as an axiom that the expectation of the original promoters has been altogether disappointed. When introduced into London in 1873 it was not a new idea, but the adoption of a plan which had been eminently successful in some of the greatest of the provincial cities. It was confidently anticipated that the same good fortune would attend it in London, and that by its means the Hospitals might look forward to an increased and an ever-increasing measure of support. Those anticipations have not been realized. The hospitals are at the present moment, after seventeen annual efforts, more hampered with debt than ever; many of their beds, not to say many of their wards, are but partially occupied, are even closed for want of funds. Though the number of contributing congregations has risen from 1072 to 1669, about 56 per cent., the collections have only risen from £25,855 to £37,299, about 44 per cent.; so that the average per congregation which in 1873 was £24 2s., had fallen in 1888 to £22 7s., and this in spite of the enormous increase of the population, of unparalleled growth in the West-end of London, of gigantic appeals and unceasing advertisement. These figures, which are relative, are enough to prove that the growth of the movement has been, by some blight, both dwarfed and stunted.

But the case is worse if the figures for 1888 (the highest of all

the sixteen years) be taken by themselves. If the constituency to which the appeal is made be numbered at five millions, the average offering is but a fraction over  $1\frac{3}{4}d.$  per head, or  $9d.$  for each family of five. But if it be remembered that the word "Metropolitan" is used for this purpose in the largest possible sense, and that it is made to include parishes from Hatfield to Epsom, from Ealing to Bromley, from Chiswick to Woolwich; if it be remembered yet further that the collection is made at a period of the year when London is crowded, when the wealthier classes from all the provinces are congregated in the West-end, it is obvious that the above estimate of 5,000,000 is inadequate, that the amount per head must be yet further reduced, and the total collected be made to appear yet more miserably insufficient.

But the indictment is not yet complete. There is a phase of failure which is not seen at a glance, and only reveals itself to those who analyse the congregational collections with a competent knowledge of the circumstances of each case. It will be found upon enquiry from those who are best able to assert the fact, that 90 per cent. of the money collected upon Hospital Sunday is drawn from the rich and from the wealthier portions of the trading classes, who form about one-tenth of the community, and who never use the hospitals; while only 10 per cent. (if so much) of the collection is given by the masses, who form the remaining nine-tenths of the constituency. Thus a failure, greater even than those other failures, has waited upon the chief purpose of the original promoters. Hospital Sunday was not to be an additional call upon the rich, was not to address its appeal to those who were already opening their purses most liberally for the support of these grand institutions. Hospital Sunday was to address itself to those whose names appeared in no subscription list—was to give an opportunity to those, whose offerings must be but small, whose family, whose friends had received benefit; was to be a day for the small tradesman to come with his half-crown, the artisan with his shilling, the labourer with his sixpence. One million shillings, by a simple calculation, was seen to represent £50,000.

It is more than probable that this last aspect of the failure is more important than all the others. The solution of our present difficulties may possibly be found by a careful consideration of this one point. But without anticipating that which we shall have to say by and by, let us confine our attention for the present to the general aspect of the matter. Are there in the board of

management, in the rules, in the organization of the Fund as at present constituted, defects, which may possibly have contributed to its present adversity? or, does the Metropolis differ in nature even from the greatest of the great provincial cities in the fact that it numbers within its limits one hundred and fifty-seven Societies eligible to receive a grant? Does this fact destroy that personal interest which otherwise would centre upon one or two local hospitals, and so militate against the general success of the appeal?

As regards the Committee of Management, history telleth not very clearly how it was originally formed. But Rule I., which provides for re-election each year by a meeting of constituents, is in theory admirable. It contains, however, no clause requiring an incessant retirement by rotation, no provision for the introduction of new life and new blood. At the annual meeting a house list is brought forward consisting each year of the old names, with one or two new names to fill vacancies caused by death, or by retirement. The Committee is practically a self-elected body, and will remain so. No individual constituent cares to take upon himself the invidious task of organizing an opposition vote. Without organization, no change could be effected. The annual meeting necessarily consists of the existing Committee and the friends of the *status in quo*. But the great mass of the constituency is absent. As each contributing congregation is entitled to send its minister and two laymen, the total number entitled to be present would be about 5000. It would be interesting to hear from the Secretary how many of these avail themselves of that privilege, in which, with a touch of happy radicalism, they who send in £1100 and they who send in 6s. 4d. have an equal share. If in this electoral body there were a £10 franchise, 861 congregations who now contribute less than £10 each, would be reminded of the fact, and the constituency would be reduced by 2583. It would still number 2424. But, as it stands at present, the representatives of those who contribute about £3300, outnumber by 159 the representatives of those who contribute about £34,000. In other words, while each vote in the majority represents £1 6s., a vote in the minority represents £14 9s.

Practically, as every one knows, a Committee of one hundred is utterly unworkable, and is useful only for the perpetuation of existing customs by providing a solid nucleus of voting power at the annual or at any general meeting. Every name upon the

existing Committee deservedly ranks high in the esteem of the Metropolis ; but many of them appear in the list merely as a matter of form, while the work of the Fund is transacted by a select few. It would be far better to transfer all honorary names to a list of Patrons or Vice-Presidents, and to commit the management of the Fund to a body of twenty-four, selected to represent as fairly as possible all denominations, with the proviso that eight of these gentlemen should retire each year, and not be eligible for re-election until five years had elapsed. The names of the representatives of each denomination should be printed at the head of its own collection list.

In speaking of management it has been necessary, of course, to touch upon the subject of the rules, and to indicate a possible improvement in the first three. Rules IV., V., VI., which govern the awards, have, so far as we can gather, the approval of the general public. It is thought, however, by some, that there are certain specialist hospitals which, if left to themselves, would have died of inanition, but continue to exist by and through the aid of the Fund. The amount granted to them may not be large, but the fact of their receiving a grant at all is taken by an unreasoning public as a recommendation coming direct from an influential Committee sitting at the Mansion House. In reality it is nothing of the kind. The Committee has no right, and claims no right, to sit as a judge among hospitals. Its grant to any society is in effect a statement that it believes that Society to be honestly managed. It does not thereby make any statement whatsoever as to whether that Society ought to exist. Herein, say some, lies one chief objection to a central Committee, which does, and yet does not ; which, by making a grant, gives in effect a high official recognition which it does not intend to give, which it has neither the right nor the power to give. With this exception, the awards under Rules IV., V., VI., have always been dispassionately made and thankfully accepted.

Rule VII., which excludes the Hospital for Incurables on account of its method of election by the vote of the subscribers, has not been so fortunate. One pitched battle at least has been fought on this subject, and won by the Committee by means of that "solid nucleus of voting power" which I have spoken of above. The "Incurables" have pleaded in vain for admission to the benefits of the Fund. They have shown that the cases received within their walls cause beds in other hospitals to be vacated and make room for additional patients ; so that upon



the double basis (1) of their own merits, as alleviating a vast amount of human suffering, and (2) of the aid which they constantly give to other Societies, they have a legitimate claim for a grant. This is not the place to enter upon any discussion of the voting system in connection with great charities. But many people think that if the constituencies of the Fund were properly polled, and a vote as to the admission of the "Incurables" taken by means of printed papers, the "Ayes" would have it by an overwhelming majority, even if Rule VII. had to be sacrificed for the purpose.

I now approach the consideration of two rules which, I say it with deep regret, have had much to do with the ill-success of the Fund. They are Rule VIII., with regard to the distribution of the "letters" which are sent by the various hospitals to the Mansion House in return for the grants made, and Rule IX. as to offertories.

In all charities the question of a *quid pro quo* is one fairly open to discussion. But that discussion need hardly be introduced here, because it is accepted on all sides that the supporters of the hospitals should have some voice in the selection of the patients. The system of letters given in exchange for money received is one almost universally adopted. Up to the year 1873, while the hospitals were left to canvass for themselves and to obtain individual collections at various dates from particular churches, it was customary to make a return of this kind. Subscriptions elicited through the sermon very often became annual. The donor received his quota of letters; was made to take a personal interest in the hospital to which he had subscribed; was led on to visit the building, to see and to sympathise with the sorrows of the inmates; and to interest his friends and acquaintances in its sacred work. While, for the general offertory given in a church or chapel, letters were sent to the minister for the use of the poorer members of his flock, under certain circumstances he himself became a Governor of the Society; was shown all details of its management; became for years a standing advertisement of the benefits which it was conferring upon the poor. Now I am not prepared to say that in an ideal state of society a man should desire anything, any return, for his gift; not for himself, but for the poor, he has given all that he can. But society at present is not ideal. A man does love to dispense with his own hands some of the benefits which his gift is conferring. And since there is at present

no infallible method of determining who is a suitable patient for the hospital, it is a gratification to him to feel that some of those who live near him, who are personally known to him, perhaps by God's Providence are placed under his care, are receiving, when they need it, some benefit from his subscription. We must not too hastily condemn the desire to receive such a return as this, which is, after all, only the power to recommend a candidate for help, if found suitable.

But while the above desire is perhaps fairly open to discussion, the fact that individuals who become subscribers or governors are immediately interested in the Society, and become themselves standing advertisements of its value, is a fact which every secretary of every hospital in England will cordially acknowledge. Every one of them knows the value of the personal interest of their subscribers. Now, so far as "the Fund" is concerned, this feeling is destroyed. If the hospitals were maintained by the Fund, there would be no subscribers, and no personal interest. Each subscription is merged in the general result, and only an infinitesimal portion of it reaches an individual hospital. In smaller towns it is not so, because the number of hospitals is small and each is well-known. But in London it is so, because the number of hospitals is vast. The general public knows at the most only three or four per cent. of their number; the rest are lumped together in a mass, unknown to any one outside the medical profession.

Now this process of dissociation between hospitals and subscribers has been going in for sixteen years. If in other directions any great benefit had resulted, the promoters of the Fund might be able to plead that a great good was worth a little sacrifice. But we are searching to-day for a reply to two questions. Not only, why is the Fund not a success? but also, why are the hospitals so poor? and we reply that this arises in part from the fact that a general Fund must always tend to destroy individual interest, and that this general Fund, so far from making any effort to keep alive individual interest, has worked Rule VIII. and Rule IX. in such a manner as needlessly and wantonly to destroy it.

In Rule VIII. one point is clear, that the Fund will claim from the hospitals letters of recommendation to the amount of one half its grant. If it sends £100, it claims only £50 worth of letters.

There may be a reason for this; though there are in the world

people so stupid as to have thought about it once a year for seventeen years, and not to have discovered it yet. But let that pass. Assume that there is an unknown but just cause for halving the literary value of money which passes through the Mansion House. This point in the rule is clear, and has been accepted without much cavil by the constituents of the Fund. But not by any means so clear is the rest of the rule. The letters of recommendation thus diminished in number are to be issued "by the Council, through their Secretary, on the application of the contributing ministers and others." Now does this mean (a), that the contributing ministers may claim letters to the extent of half their contribution? or (b), that the Fund will claim letters to the extent of half their grant? The wording would appear to be susceptible of either interpretation.

As a matter of fact, something like the first, marked (a), was at one time adopted. Ministers were allowed to send in lists of such letters as they were most likely to require; and though no one thought of demanding his exact "pound of flesh," yet each received a kind of rough justice. The Secretary did his best to meet the wishes of petitioners who were not very hard to please. And each congregation which had exerted itself to send in a worthy offering, felt that that offering was contributing to the welfare of its own poor.

But this interpretation of the rule, so far as regards the more valuable letters for Chest Hospitals, Convalescent Homes, and Surgical Appliances, has altogether disappeared. Ministers are informed that they must not any longer receive a supply of letters to be used at their discretion, but must wait their turn (which often is long before it comes), and must submit each case, with a name and an address, as it comes under notice. Now if the supply of letters were infinite and the claims of all applicants equal, this would obviously be by far the better course. Waste would be prevented, all would be satisfied. But the supply of letters is limited. Those most valued are rapidly exhausted. Those ministers who have made no effort, no special appeal, no personal sacrifice for the sake of the Fund, are placed upon exactly the same level as those who have struggled hard, have drained the resources of their congregation, have diverted much money from local objects. For one or two, or even three, months there is enough for all. But in the fourth month after the receipt of the grants, about the beginning of each new year, it becomes necessary to refuse even the most liberal contributors,

and to ask them to wait three or four or five months before their wants are supplied.

It will no doubt be urged that this must be so ; that all cases are equal ; that the Fund was not started to supply the ministers of the richer congregations with a large number of letters, many of which they will waste, but to supply the needs of London ; that it is altogether opposed to the principles of true charity to expect a return for a gift.

If the ministers were asking for a return which they might use for themselves, for their own families, or even for the donors of the money, there would be something in such arguments as these. But if it be remembered that the return which they ask is to be employed for their own poor, that they simply say, we who have exerted ourselves to collect this money, only ask that our own sick may receive a little help, then the fallacy of the above arguments is at once apparent. We could cite, if we were allowed to mention names, the case of a congregation which, by means of an offertory steadily increased each year, has sent to the Mansion House a sum of nearly £3000 in ten years, yet is obliged to subscribe to Convalescent Homes and to Surgical Societies in order to supply the needs of its members. Cases of convalescence want immediate attention. Surgical appliances, when ordered, cannot be waited for through three or even two months. Instant action is most often absolutely necessary, and for instant action the Fund is not as a rule available.

The hardship to the poor in those congregations which give liberally would be patiently borne, if it were felt that by this and other rules the Fund was working well and the hospitals were benefited. But when it is felt, and indeed seen, that this indiscriminate method of treating all congregations alike does but encourage the idleness of those who make no effort in the matter ; when it is possible to put the finger upon a very large congregation of lower middle-class people, containing probably many who constantly use the hospitals, and scarcely any who subscribe to them, which in the course of nine years has steadily fallen off year by year in its collection, till from the very inadequate sum of £54 it has reached the disgracefully small figure of £33 ; when all these things are before us, it does become necessary to ask, whether there be not something in the rules which offers to the ministers of the various churches a little-needed encouragement to do nothing for an outside collection, when they are so much in want of money for home use. Many people think that

the reply must be in the affirmative. There is nothing in the working of Rule VIII. to encourage each minister, and the minister, be it remembered, is a very important factor in calculating the amount of the collection—there is nothing to encourage him to exertion for the sake of his poor.

And by the working of Rule IX. he is debarred from introducing local interest by sending any portion of his collection to any particular hospital.

Those who know the great burden which ministers of religion in London have to bear ; those who know the constant calls upon their private incomes ; those who know that collections for outside funds, popular as they are, and good as they are both for pastor and people, yet oftentimes have to be taken indirectly out of the very purses of the local treasurers ; they are very far from blaming that class which probably works harder and gives in charity more time and money than any other. They who are well instructed blame the system, not the men.

We have thus tried to pass in review the constitution and the rules. We have reserved for a third and last section that which I have ventured to call organization.

It will be thought, perhaps, that no such detail is needed. That it is sufficient to make the appeal, and to leave the kind hearts of the people to respond to it. Such is not the experience of the managers, even of Societies so deservedly popular as hospitals ; and as £1272 was spent last year by the Fund upon salaries and other expenses, it is clear that the Council do not regard this detail as unnecessary. What, then, has been done in the last sixteen years in the way of organization ? Has any effort been made by personal application to obtain the support of those ministers who are not on the list of contributors ? Have any suggestions been issued as to the best method of increasing the collection ? Has any attempt been made to appoint local secretaries who may be responsible for the proper working of districts or parishes ? With the exception of certain local meetings, which were confessedly a failure, and have been discontinued, has the staff, whose salaries amount to £610, done anything except receive and reply to letters, and keep accounts ? Is anything done to canvass the Metropolis by means of those willing volunteers who, for such a cause, abound in every place of worship ? To all these questions, without exception, a negative reply must be returned.

We speak under correction, not being familiar, of course,



with the smaller details of the office, but we believe we are right in saying that all goes on in 1889 much the same as it did in 1873. Experience has brought no lessons, time no improvement. The same old routine from the office, the same old forms—many of them for the waste-paper basket; a grand opportunity missed year after year, and a grand cause left to take its chance, keeping itself alive only by reason of its own grandeur. There is a Society in London which came into being many years after this Fund, which from small and very obscure beginnings has, by good management, almost doubled its income *each year*. Must there not be something wrong in organization if the answers to an appeal so touching as that of the hospitals are, as we have shown, year by year diminishing? It will be said, of course, that the Fund was not intended to organize. We reply that the Fund has taken upon itself the great responsibility of tying the hands of all the secretaries of all the hospitals; that it has, to use a well-worn expression, taken the wind out of their sails; that it is bound, therefore, to justify its existence by proving itself a benefit, or else to confess itself a failure, and execute as speedily as possible a happy despatch. It does neither. Having tied the hands of the hospital secretaries, it acts as if its own hands were tied also, and quietly allows matters to take their present disastrous course.

Yet a few simple expedients taken from other Societies might long ago have altered the whole aspect of its balance-sheet. At the head of these stands the institution of local secretaries. Is there a minister of religion in London who could not at once produce out of his congregation at least twelve young men who would be willing to take up a post so enviable? and out of the twelve would there not be at least one who would be efficient? Are there not several hundred churches and chapels standing in closely thronged thoroughfares where tables might be placed at the doors or the gates, and collections made by ladies on Hospital Sunday and on the day which precedes it? One church at least did this last year, and collected £57; repeated the experiment this year, and collected £93. Have the Council never heard of the system adopted in a great provincial town, of placing a sheet, attached at the corners by four poles, in the centre of the market-place to receive the offerings of the passers by? Is it enough to place a box outside the Mansion House? Could not ten gentlemen take charge of it, and so multiply its receipts by



ten, perhaps by a hundred? Would it not be possible to issue collecting cards and boxes as other great Societies do? Ought it to have been left to an outsider to make that excellent suggestion of a regular penny a-week collection all the year round? Many are the plans, some more, some less successful, which could come to the front if it were possible to throw more life into the administration of the Fund. Those plans would, in our opinion, be best which kept steadily in view these four points :

1. The interest of individual subscribers in individual hospitals must not be destroyed.
2. The small but regular subscriptions of the lower middle classes, the artisans, and the poor must be diligently sought after.
3. Local interest in the general Fund must be encouraged by making the Fund a real benefit to the local poor.
4. The Council must be made more really representative by a constant system of retirement by rotation.

As a general result of the foregoing remarks, we venture to submit that the best thing possible for the hospitals of London would be to confess that Hospital Sunday has been a failure, and to abolish it altogether. In our opinion, ending would be much better than mending. To do this it would only be necessary to write to the Chairmen and Secretaries of all the great hospitals (not the specialist hospitals), and to ask them to send in anonymously a full statement of their views. We should be well content to rest our case upon these anonymous statements.

But if it be thought unreasonable that we should ask the Council at the Mansion House to make this suicidal request, in that case we suggest, with all possible respect, the following alterations in the rules, believing that they will in some degree meet the objections which we have raised, and ensure, after a while, a considerable improvement upon the present disastrous condition of Hospital Funds.

The number of the Executive Council should be reduced to twenty-four, of whom eight should retire each year.

Contributing congregations should be entitled to receive letters of recommendation.

In allotting these letters the Council should take into consideration—

(a) The poverty of the district from which the application comes ;

(b) The amount sent in by the congregation applying.

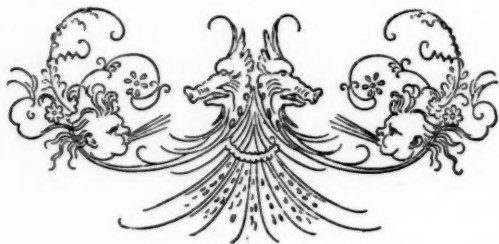
Collections in cash should go to the general Fund; but individual subscribers should be allowed to allot their subscriptions to any hospital they please.

Every congregation should have an organizing secretary to work the collection as shall seem best according to the circumstances of the neighbourhood.

Surgical Appliances and Convalescent Home letters should be the subject of a special rule.

All hospitals should be asked to admit visitors at convenient hours during the week preceding Hospital Sunday.

WILLIAM COVINGTON.



## The Art of Recitation.

### PART II.

THUS, then, we have briefly and superficially noted the four chief points to be considered in recitation :—namely, dramatic and rhythmic declamation, gesture and facial expression. There are one or two other matters, however, that may claim the attention of anyone interested in the art ; foremost among which stands the choice of pieces for recitation. This is a work that demands great exercise of imagination, seconded by experience and perception of the temper and possibilities of a public audience. It is all the harder because it must be almost entirely a matter of personal taste and judgment. By introducing this element of personal taste it touches one of the chief dangers and difficulties of recitation as an art. It is, in any case, almost too personal. Actors—singers—instrumentalists—have at least one half of their work in combination with other kindred artists working to one complete whole. In these cases as a rule even the responsibility of the choice of the material selected rests with no one of them in particular. But the reciter is always alone. His personal judgment selects his material, guides his performance, and leaves its impress on the whole recital. Certain great poems are acknowledged as part of his repertory, and are expected of him. But his “stock” pieces are few and cannot be often given, and the greater part of his material must be selected by his own judgment. He should therefore be most careful to guard, as far as he can, against any warping of the better judgment and sense of what is the best ; best, not only from his own point of view, but from that many-sided point of view which he must occupy with regard to his audiences. For they may, in all justice and without offence to any question

of art, demand that certain needs should be supplied, and certain feelings respected. The reciter must accept the conditions of a public recital.

The mine from which he draws his material is in itself dangerously broad and deep—nothing less than the wide field of English literature. In it he finds things he is tempted to recite because he loves them. But that is one of the worst of reasons for choosing them. They may or may not gain by recitation. His personal love for them must not cloud his judgment. He finds pieces magnificent in drama and scope for declamation; but the drama may be purely taken from the literary point of view, and its very excellencies judged thence may be faults from the actor's and reciter's point of view. Or the drama may be impossible for a public audience. One poem may touch too intimately or penetratingly some domestic or life sorrow, and another may jar on some feeling, possibly even some prejudice, which the reciter may not sympathize with, but which he is none the less bound to respect in his listeners. And, lastly, some tiresome incongruity of appearance or manner may be the touchstone that decides his sentence against a poem, which, if it be a poem he particularly likes and desires to recite, is more than sufficiently annoying. A man, for instance, with a cheery face should not recite 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' 'The Raven,' or 'Il Penseroso'; nor should a pale, spare man recite a line of Falstaff's, or expect any great success in a scene from 'Pickwick.' As a rule (a rule with exceptions, of course), men should avoid all pieces written in the first person singular, in which the speaker is a woman. Shelley's 'Cloud' is difficult for a man, because of its ideal personality. It is impossible to resist the suspicion of ridiculousness when a man gravely says—

"I am the daughter of earth and of water,  
And the nursling of the sky."

Matthew Arnold's 'Forsaken Merman' generally fails of its full effect for the same reason. I once heard a man, remarkable for a gift of plainness, recite (very well, but very vainly) Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' So, an elderly gentleman declaiming Lewis Morris's 'Psyche'; a lady, Tennyson's 'Revenge'; and a young man, Christian Rossetti's 'A Royal Princess'—were all equally undermined in their efforts by direct physical inappropriateness.

I remember the occasion when I first gave in public an

admirable piece for recitation which Miss Harriet Child-Pemberton sent me, called "Prince." In the last verse comes the line—

"I was the little chap, curly and brown."

I gave it with conviction, and the answer was an audible smile. All such pathos and drama as had been wrought by the story were defeated by this candid assertion to which my appearance gave the lie direct. The ridiculous inference that time and remorse had singularly changed me turned the whole thing into fun. In subsequent recitals I altered the line, and the recitation held its own uncontradicted. It is useless to argue the matter out on high grounds of imagination and the impersonal character of poetic recitation. Humour is not to be argued about. Anyone who does instantly detect it is hopelessly astray, and is either 'more clever or more stupid than anyone has a right to be.' It is unfair to ask too much of an audience. Inexplicable is the line at which imagination falters; but it is none the less drawn clear and strong, and can be felt at once. It is the same with the mysterious line where pity and terror sink into horror, and pathos and sympathy turn into coarse intrusion. These are the things that make recitation so delicate, and, as I hold, so fine an art. It demands extreme sensitiveness of touch—a sensitiveness that scarcely knows or can explain what it feels, but is only deeply conscious of the feeling. Imagination is good and kind, and will do wonders; and an audience, as a rule, is willing to give it generously—at least in public. But we must not ask too much. We must be imaginative in our appeals to imagination.

The preparation and rehearsal of a recitation require more work than many people would suppose. The learning of the words is the least part. It is necessary to find out the note to be struck by the whole recitation, and then to decide how this is to be done in the simplest and the truest way. Often very good effects must be foregone to keep the proportions well preserved—the resources unexhausted—and the audience steadily working up to the climax. Sometimes two or three readings must be tried and perfected before the decision can be made; and even then perhaps a performance given before the point is decided—one performance in such a case being worth a dozen rehearsals. Every tone and gesture, every pause and look, must be thought over. There must be no such thing as haphazard. Haphazard art, I take it, is no art. People talk a

great deal of pretty nonsense about genius and the inspiration of the moment in reciting and acting. It is impossible to deny that there may be and are times when every artist has a sort of inspiration or instinct—and that such moments may be fine ones in his art. But they are, and should be, rare. To depend on them would be fatal. The artist who has best right to trust to them will be the last to do so. All is study, always study. To the inflection of a syllable, and the movement of a finger, a reciter should know what he is going to do; although it is more than possible he may often be wholly unable to explain the how and the why. Like the actor, he must preserve that double-consciousness that should be a part of his nature, whereby he is not only alive to the imaginary world he is in, in spirit, but is also vividly sensible of himself and his actual surroundings, in fact, and their probable effect upon his audience. By these means he utilizes everything that may accidentally assist him, and forestalls and counteracts, as far as may be, everything that may interfere with him or distract his audience. A trained actor knows all this well; and it is quite as necessary on the platform as it is on the stage.

And through all his work—alike in the selection of his material, grave and gay; in his practice of voice, gesture, and facial expression; in the arrangement of the conditions of his public work, and of his programmes; and in the actual performance—must be always present the sense of humour. Reciting is perilously girt about with opportunities for sinning against the genius of humour. And he is a god whom it is dangerous to sin against, for his revenges are very cruel and punctual. He is a great god, and a powerful, a merry god, and a kind—in his way; but withal absolutely indifferent and ruthless. His laughter rings out in reward or in derision with alarming promptitude. An alert sense of humour in a recitation from Dickens, from Thackeray, or from Ingoldsby, is scarcely more necessary than it is in some recitations, where pathos, drama, or poetic thought is the motive. Here a moment's obliviousness in this sense is fatal. Possibly the commonplace fact that the reciter is clothed "in his habit as he lives" is the basis at the outset of a ludicrous possibility of incongruity which may be seized on at any moment by some of the spectators, and in the magnetism of an audience, rapidly spread, even against their will, to the whole; or which only needs some unfortunate, imperceptible touch to make it obvious at once to all. Whether



this be so or not, it is certain that the genius of humour places a peculiarly mischievous elf close by the side of a reciter, who will seize on any, the slightest, vantage ground, and in a moment turn his work into defeat of a very inglorious kind. To keep this antagonistic spirit dormant and powerless is one of the chief tasks of a reciter. A keen sense of humour can thus be shown negatively in serious work quite as plainly as ever it is in delicate comedy or broad farce.

Doubtless Recitation—if it is well done—appears a very easy art; and this must be considered a virtue, and a proof of its natural truth as an expression of dramatic feeling. At moments, however, one is tempted to regret that it should appear so easy. Were its difficulties more apparent, it might be preserved from the injury that has been wrought by some of the many hands by which it has been seized. It seems so purely personal, and—if well done—so purely natural, that it is not surprising that numbers of people who feel that they have the dramatic sense in them (and who does not?) should think reciting a delightful and convenient expression of hidden poetry and emotion. I hope it is not too unkind to add that it may also be regarded as an excellent opportunity for a little personal display, and the attainment of a little easy applause. But the art suffers sad injury; and that at a time when it needs all the support it can get. It is often difficult to anyone who cares about the matter to listen civilly to the extraordinary efforts of reciters who seem to think that personal conviction is an all-sufficient art; or to resist the temptation to express a very strong opinion about them. Reticence on the subject, however, is rendered more easy when one is upheld by a conviction that the art will shake itself free of all this folly, and take its place as other kindred arts have taken and preserved theirs, in spite of all the unconscious conspiracies to undo them on the part of the amateur world.

I can scarcely speak of Recitation, and omit the subject of music as an accompaniment, the combination having formed so large a part of my own public work. Music is not indeed any necessary part of Recitation, *proprement dit*; but it may fairly claim to be considered a very beautiful and valuable accompaniment to it. We may assign it, in fact, the exact place with regard to declamation that has been granted to words by music. Music is complete in itself—and does not actually need articulate words; but it has accepted Poetry—and the two arts, by universal

consent, have formed one, which we call Singing. So declamation is complete in itself; but it can enrich and strengthen itself in like manner by accepting music. And I see no reason why universal consent should not declare them to have formed an equally true and beautiful combination, and find some definite name to describe it. The best word would seem to be "Recitative," if it had not already a technical musical meaning. But this combination, if it is to obtain, must be effected on exactly parallel lines with those that have produced singing. And as in singing—which is the acceptance of poetry by music—music is pre-eminent; so in this new recitative—which is the acceptance of music by declamation—declamation must be pre-eminent. And this is just the reason why the great musicians who have attempted the combination have—I say it with all reverence, but with all conviction—failed. They have made the music the first consideration, and given it the place of honour, whereas it must be merely an accompaniment, and the declamation must hold the first place undisputed.

Schumann and Liszt arranged several German ballads for recitation with music, and musically the works are very beautiful and picturesque. But I have been told that they have never gained the anticipated effect—I do not believe they ever will. Fine as they are, they have the radical fault of misconception. They are essentially musical. They should be essentially declamatory. Beethoven's 'Egmont' and Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' remain as proofs that these masters felt and confessed the strong appeal and beauty of spoken words wedded to music. But even these works—so illustrious from the musical point of view, and in a way so extraordinarily dramatic—have never gained the fulness of favour and success that should have attended them. Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' has held its own best, because in it the conditions which we maintain to be necessary are the best observed. But it is too evident that these works are not attractive—how should they be?—to the reciter. They, like the ballads I have already named, are purely musical works. No reciter would care to recite them. His art is obliterated and stultified in such cases.

But if, however, these great musicians had understood and accepted the relative positions of the two arts in this combination, what a splendid result might have been obtained! Wagner could surely have given the world a work of this sort that would have marked a new departure in art; for he was before all things

dramatic—and I always like to believe that had this form of declamation and music been presented to him in all its fine possibilities he would have grasped its truth and given us a grand and perfect example of this new recitative.

There can be no question of the power of appeal to many people in this combination of poetry with music. Musicians, as we see, have felt it, but have attacked it from the wrong point of view. Actors and reciters have felt it, but they have lacked the mastery of the accompanying art. Mr. Bellew, years ago, used to give certain pieces with organ accompaniment and with an unseen chorus. But, though I believe the success he obtained thus was acknowledged, it was not followed up by other reciters. Since I began it in public, some ten years ago, it has become more popular. Mr. Henry Irving even tried the effect in that most grisly of stories, 'The Uncle,' music for which was composed by Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Corder has composed music for a translation of Uhland's 'The Minstrel's Curse.' Amongst the numerous recitals that are now given I notice few programmes that have not got one or two pieces on them with the words "with music," which I adopted for fault of a better phrase when I first gave these accompanied recitations.\*

Myself, I am willing to own that I do not yet see how recitations with music can be made effective under the conditions that usually mark the combination. At present the only chance seems for one and the same person to give both words and music—he is then master of the occasion and of the means employed. And it is necessary that he should be master of the occasion, and that the means employed should be absolutely under his control and subject to his will. No other conditions are possible. With great practice and an unusually swift sympathy and understanding, a coherent work might be made between a reciter and an accompanist, or even between a reciter and a band. But the latter would require the devotion and labour given to an opera at Bayreuth, instead of the casual and slipshod combination that is often attempted on such occasions. I will take an example. I once had the memorable pain of reading, or reciting (I do not quite know what to call it) the words to Beethoven's 'Egmont' at St. James's Hall. Giving, as I often do, months of careful work and constant practice to

\* Since writing this, I have seen an announcement of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new Cantata, "The Dream of Jubal;" in which the poem is declaimed through an orchestral accompaniment.

the preparation of even some short poem set to my own very simple accompaniment of music, I cannot forget my feelings when, late at the last rehearsal, on the very day of the concert, I was asked to go up on the platform and "run through the words with the band." I was placed close by the eminent conductor, and directly beneath his arm, he standing over me at his desk. The position assigned me, I saw at once, rendered action of any kind as impossible as it would have been ridiculous. I was hemmed in by violinists whose bow-arms nearly touched me at every stroke. Several of these gentlemen very kindly and courteously tried to move back, to their own inconvenience, so as to give me more room. At each cue for the band there was an audible sign. We tried it over once. What dramatic effect was possible? Yet dramatic effect, I contend, should have been the real note of the whole performance. Not the dramatic effect of footlights and the stage, but of the best kind of declamation. I believe Beethoven would have been the first to own this. One hears in all the music the voice of the dramatic instinct. Such a performance might be most impressive; but it would require most careful arrangement, many and accurate rehearsals, and the co-operation of every one concerned toward one end—a dramatic statement of the story of 'Egmont' by means of music and declamation. As it was, the whole thing seemed to me as inartistic and, in one sense, eminently ridiculous as any performance need be. I expected the injured and protesting shade of Beethoven to appear. What wonder that reciters and actors have not favoured such work? What wonder that even technical musicians feel the want and the imperfection somewhere, and that these peculiar works of the great masters have not gained the favour and assured place that their other entirely self-centred musical works have secured?

To come down for a moment to my own small attempts to perfect this form of recitation, I must own that I should not care to have music in any recitation were I not able to be my own accompanist. If some one else performed the accompaniment, fond as I am of music, and picturesque as sounds are to me, it would only distract and interfere with me. As it is, after arranging my music I often find it rises to over-prominence—perhaps burdens the verse, or prevents my giving some action I wish to give; if so, I always let the music go. Nothing for a moment must interfere with the recitation, even if, musically, it is pretty, and significant of the drama. I only regret

most deeply that I am not a musician, for then I might be able to work the matter out, and show how the combination might be achieved on a large scale. But I none the less speak with assurance on this point, because, having thought much about it, and had long experience, I am convinced that the only way to make this branch of recitation a true and perfect thing is to place it on the grounds I have stated—that of drama—by means of declamation assisted by music.

The piano is peculiarly adapted for this work, as it is full in sound and plentiful in resource; and it is possible for the reciter to use it with ease, and without detriment to his speech, or even to his gesture. The accompaniment can be so arranged that at moments when gesture is more necessary than the sound the hands can be at liberty; or at least the right hand, whilst the left can continue the sequence of the music. No other instrument indeed would be possible. An organ is inconvenient, clumsy, and far less rich in resource really than a *good* piano. But ah! it is necessary to emphasize the adjective "*good*." Many and sore must be the trials of any executant artist who depends for any portion of his work on the excellence of the pianos provided for his use at entertainments, both public and private, whether in London or in the provinces. The better his work is, and the more he has perfected it, the more open it is to defeat. It is a supreme moment for him when he sits down and runs his hand over the keyboard, and tests the working of the pedals. The names of certain makers, when I read them on pianos I have to use, are as the names of dear friends, whilst other names seem to me to spell failure. On some occasions I have omitted almost all the music, and given the recitations without accompaniment. For the music is one of two things—a great aid or a great detriment. If the piano permits the music to be music, it is a great aid. But if, as is not seldom the case, the music is obviously the result of certain poor bits of wire, wood, and ivory, it is clearly and very emphatically a detriment.

I recall one sad occasion when the recital was introduced by "a few words" from the chairman, a worthy canon of our church; and he spoke at length on the subject of music as an illustration of poetry, and said with what interest he was looking forward to the experiment and example which was to be so cleverly, etc., etc. On sitting down to the piano, at which I had long been gazing, with a sorrowful inquiry, I at once perceived that the instrument

was aged and palsied, and, like Aladdin's mother, "had not" as the story-teller puts it "even in youth possessed any remarkable beauty." I did my best. But I have always supposed that that worthy canon must have regarded the interest with which he had looked forward to the experiment as sadly out of proportion with the effect produced and the pleasure administered.

Of course there are people—a larger number than would be supposed, and a far larger number than would confess to it—who do not like music, or who are, in spite of easy protestations, deaf to its real beauty and meaning, and to these, it is needless to say, Recitation gains little, and possibly loses much, by association with music—such would pronounce it as illegitimate, and an unworthy seeking after effect. But it is indisputable that the general verdict has been given in favour of the combination; that it commends itself to all our best instincts of art. Music gives to certain poems scenery, atmosphere, background of emotion, and means of insight. It is a strong and subtle second appeal, underlying and developing the poetry, sometimes working in unison with the words, and sometimes bringing what I may call a waft of memory of some previous thought of the poem, or foreshadowing some crisis of its drama and meaning. To me this form of recitation is one of the parts of my work I most delight in, and in which I find most satisfaction and encouragement. Nor do I see why it should not—if due care and artistic co-operation, on the lines of drama and declamation, were given to the subject—be developed into a grand and most successful form of the Art of Recitation.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his 'History of the Rise of Rationalism,' speaking of the Theatre, says: "This amusement, which has ever proved one of the chief delights and one of the most powerful incentives of genius, had, at the same time the rare privilege of acting with equal powers upon the opposite extremes of intellect, and is even now almost the only work connecting thousands with intellectual pursuits." There seems no reason why Recitation should not share these honours with the Stage. For it is eminently capable of "acting with equal power on the opposite extremes of intellect." Longfellow has recorded in a sonnet his delight and satisfaction in the "precious evenings all too swiftly fled," when he listened to Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "readings" of Shakespeare's plays. Many and remarkable are the spoken and written confessions of interest and pleasure in recitation from men whose names are



great in the worlds of intellect and of art, which I could quote. Whilst remembering with lively pleasure the tears and laughter, the awakened sympathy and imagination, of audiences into whose lives, I fear, little of imagination or sympathy had entered, and to whom one felt that laughter too often meant cruelty, and tears the mere degradation of misery—I cannot doubt but that Recitation can also equally touch with a refreshing and refining hand that class to which the greater arts have but little to say, and which has neither power nor time to understand their meaning.

It fulfils, then, the conditions of an art. It needs a special gift and a special training in the artist. It touches the material it uses, not only with the bare truth of interpretation, but also with an illumination, a force, and a delicacy that is its own. It is a perfect medium whereby the world may be—

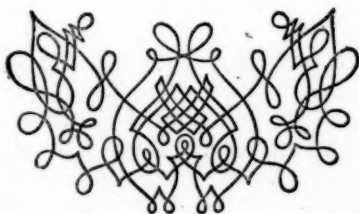
“ . . . wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

It is singularly complete and self-contained. It encloses the old primitive way of telling stories in verse by rhythmic repetition, and also the more modern and civilised presentation of drama by the actor. It has been steadily increasing in artistic development and in public favour for many years, and has now attained a stature that entitles it to take its proper place. If true to itself, and if its position is not undermined by the incapacity of imperfect aspirants, it may well look forward to association and brotherhood with those older executive arts by which Literature and Music are brought home to the ears and to the hearts of a world that is ready and willing to listen, if only the right voice will speak.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

THE END.



## My First Stag.



YES, it was remarkably pleasant in the smoking-room the night before, when my host took up his slate and said, "Now then, what are all you gentlemen going to do to-morrow? Clifford, you'll have a go at the forest, I think you said;" and down it went—"Mr. Clifford to be called at 7.0; breakfast at 7.30; trap at 8.0 for Broom Corry. Those are your orders, my boy—and now, who's going to have a turn at the grouse? Jim, you've brought plenty of straight powder in your cartridges, I hope?"

It was very pleasant, I repeat, over a good cigar, and a tall glass of whisky-and-soda fizzing gently round the ice which clinked within it, to picture oneself striding up and down the grass slopes, bounding from peak to peak, firing shot after shot into herd after herd of antlered stags, standing so close together that the shot positively could not wriggle away left or right, as it has such a trick of doing; in fact, it was so pleasant, that half an hour after I was roused by loud laughter, and sent summarily to bed by my host, for dropping my cigar into the aforesaid glass, and rendering both cigar and beverage impossible. "Bring home blood, old fellow!" he shouted as I sought my room.

But it was not nearly so amusing to be roused (for the second time) by a somewhat contemptuous flunkey announcing, "the bath is waiting for you, sir; and they've brought your breakfast in."

In half an hour I was jogging off with my rifle between my knees, in its new case, with a favourite pipe between my lips, rather doubtful as to the prospects of the chase. I may at once confess that, though an ardent, I was not altogether an experienced sportsman. I was a decent rifle-shot at a target, and at the tin stag opposite the shooting-lodge. I had been out stalking before; I had even fired at a stag late in the evening,

and—well, "It was bad luck, sir; a harder shot I've never seen, whatever;" as the old stalker said to me when I pressed a sovereign into his hand, and I could not now help remembering how unaccountably small the beast had looked on the hill-side at a distance of ninety yards; how hard it had been to distinguish to my satisfaction the exact point at which the stag ended and the fern began; and how very difficult it had been to keep that little spot of bright metal at the end of my rifle, exactly where it ought to have been: it was always either coming up or dipping down; and I remembered, too, how I had sat in a chilly stream for half an hour, and crouched shivering into an angle of the rocks, with a drip down my back: and then I began to wonder when I should get back, and whether my host would produce the same brand of dry champagne that he gave us the night before.

Then, too, I did not like the method of playing the game. The sportsman, unless the stalker be very communicative, is not sufficiently in the secret. The stalker says, "Do this," and the sportsman doeth it. "Sit in this watercourse," and he sitteth in it. He is made to double and crouch and creep, go up a hill-side at a cruel pace, and he cannot guess what it is all about—and then, when the conviction of his unimportance has been thoroughly borne in upon his mind, when he feels nothing but a meagre slave, the whole thing is reversed; the rifle is thrust upon him and everything depends upon him. Just as he is girding up his loins to say that he won't be spoken to like a dog, the whole fortune of the day lies in his hands: and no one but himself is to blame if he doesn't do his duty. If he misses, he has almost to apologise to the stalker for not doing him credit—and unless it is an exceptional forest, far too much depends upon his single throw. To put your rifle into its case about three in the afternoon, to turn tail and sneak home, is almost too much even for the philosopher to bear. If the deer-forest is your own, it does not perhaps matter so much; but I have noticed that, as a rule, the owners of forests are not so keen about going out themselves as that their friends should bring home a fine stag.

But, after all, it is difficult not to take a rosy view of life as you bowl along under the crags and over the brown flashing waters, with the enormous moors looming and sparkling in the flying sunshine left and right of you. In ten minutes the keen sharp air had done its work on blood and brain. I do not believe there

is a better tonic for mind and body than an early drive in the keen hill-air ; and I don't believe I gave my sporting prospects another thought in that delicate glow of physical satisfaction that crept over me. Now and then the hawk sailed out of the alders below the crag, and hung pale and motionless with flickering wings : high up to the left an eagle was circling with that stiff mechanical gyration that may be stately, but is certainly far from lovely. The water flashed in the sun, chuckled in the grass, roared over the rocks as we spun along. Now and then a covey of the bonny brown grouse got up at the noise of the wheels, and went clanking and scolding hoarsely over the heathy knolls. On the top of a distant mound a black-cock was strutting and patrolling ; and once or twice a snipe flicked up out of the rushes by a soaking spring with his strange tearing cry. Rough wild cattle looked fiercely at us as we passed : higher and higher over the moors we went, and the road grew stonier and straiter every step, till at last we drove out on to a smooth grassy track, and there at the side of a little brown rush-fringed pool stood the stalker's rough cottage, once a tiny Highland farm, with a saddled pony meekly grazing, and two or three figures in rough homespun dawdling about the porch.

And now my dream was over, and the sporting prospects had to be faced again. These Scotch fellows have a charmingly soft and deferential way of welcoming you ; I felt like the Chieftain arriving in triumph as they doffed their caps to me. If I had been at all confident that the Chieftain would depart in triumph at the end of the day with any adequate testimony to the prowess of his bow and spear, I should have been more comfortable. However, when I was told that Donald had been out spying since daybreak, and had marked down a fine lot of stags at the head of the Corrie, I did my best to look pleased in a dignified manner, like a practised sportsman ; implying that if they did their part satisfactorily, and brought me up to the deer, I would condescend to bring down a few. And here let me recommend one invariable course for the inexperienced sportsman—the policy of genial silence. The real sportsman is silent, because he is occupied in the serious business of life ; and the flood of anxious questions aimed at giving an impression of friendly interest, by which a nervous young hand endeavours to cover his agitation, not only bothers the stalker, but breeds contempt, which he will be much too finished a gentleman to show. Sporting stories, which, if not supplied by experience,

may be obtained from the pages of any magazine, are a little safer, but not much better in reality ; and witticisms are a great deal worse : and if this course is advisable at the beginning of a day, it is infinitely more so at the end, when you have missed your beast. No excuses ! a very little strong language is permissible, if you strictly confine it to the animal or to yourself, and do not permit it to include the stalker, or to alter the calibre of your tip—for, poor fellow ! it must be remembered that he is fully as anxious as you are that you should get your stag. It reflects credit neither on him nor on the forest if, day after day, there is no beast to register in the game-book, and no horns to hang up in the hall.

Well, we are off at last, and I decline to ride, being anxious to get my first half-hour's walking—always the most distressing part if you are not in first-rate training—over as soon as possible, and we wind up the side of the hill in perfect silence, the stalker in front, I in the middle, and a young lightfooted gilly behind me carrying my gun. The scent of the bog-myrtle rises pungent and fresh round our feet ; we brush through dewy bilberries and step over gurgling runnels deep below the turf. Now and then a hare gets up and disappears again among the stones ; or, fussing and fuming, a covey of black-game bustle away ; then up among the rocks, and the slippery spaces of grass, and the water becomes less and less frequent, and the wind shivers in the grass upon the *col* ; while we find a corner just out of the breeze, and my two companions unship their glasses and bring them to bear on a certain little recess half a mile away, where even I can see some moving dots on the turf, and a long silent scrutiny begins, while I decide in my mind that I do enjoy this part of deer-stalking very much—and while the sun is warm on my back, I pull out my watch and think what my friends will be doing ; and when I find that it is probable that they will still be curled up in bed, grumbling about getting up, I think of them with a very pronounced and genial contempt.

At last we make a move. We are to go up to a high top to the left, get just below the ridge, and work round above the beasts. I understand that there are five stags at least, two very fine ones. "We shan't let them get away," says my guide. I wish secretly that I personally felt very capable of stopping them ; but I nod my head mysteriously and on we go. It takes the best part of an hour to do what we want, and during that time

I am surprised to find my ambition sinking low and my courage lower still. "If I was quite alone," I think to myself, "with no one to see if I missed, I should rather enjoy it." But to be brought up to the beasts in first-rate style, to get out my brand-new rifle, and to splinter a bit of rock a yard or two to the left—those horrid gillies always know exactly where the bullet strikes—I don't want to do that at all; and then to go home.

"Well, old fellow, what have you done?"

"Nothing."

"What! didn't get a shot? I'm sorry for that. See any deer?"

"Well, yes; the fact was, I did get a shot—but I think—Sandy said—it wasn't altogether an easy one—the light was bad."

"Yes, old chap, I understand. Well, we've done the best we can for you—can't do more than show you the deer, you know, and get you up to them."

I don't like that kind of conversation at all; it makes me feel gloomy for the rest of the evening. I begin to think that the best solution would be not to have a shot at all, and then I could say in the evening, "No! I couldn't get a look in at the brutes; still I've had my day on the hill: glorious exercise! I've earned my dinner at all events." I begin to wonder whether I couldn't make some accidental noise which would frighten the deer, and even rather wish that I was carrying my rifle myself. In such reflections the hour passes very swiftly away, and we begin to steal noiselessly up to the *col*, and I suddenly realize in a moment of great agitation that the deer are probably about eighty yards from us at this moment, and that I shall be called upon in a few seconds to do my part. Death or glory! Yes, that is a comforting maxim in crises such as these; but when upon reflection it appears that my fate will probably be neither, I feel a little low, though no one can say that I don't look excited. Presently the stalker stops me, not by a word, for words are dangerous just now, but by a gesture, and I with my attendant gilly sink upon the turf, and I make signs for my rifle, and examine it from top to toe with the greatest care. Yes! the rifle is straight enough, without a doubt. After about five minutes of great suspense, the stalker comes creeping back.

"You'd better have your bit o' lunch here, sir," he says, "we may have to wait some time."

"What's the matter?" I say; "beasts there still?"



He explains to me that they have moved farther down, and left some hinds, and that we can't get at them without disturbing the hinds. So we must just wait, and hope the hinds will move on.

I feel that a sort of reprieve has been granted me, and munch my grouse-sandwiches, and sip my whisky, and pass it on to Sandy, and survey my position. I discover (1) that we are very high up; huge shoulders and arms of the hills lie mapped out at my feet, the land near me looking exactly like a huge prostrate figure covered with a stiff green cloth; (2) that I am very cold and likely to be colder, especially as a grey cloud has begun to blow like steam escaping from a boiler over the hill-top behind me, and to distil its icy drops upon the back of my neck; (3) that we are likely to remain in this position for a considerable time, for Sandy, who pays periodical visits to the top, announces "no change," and adds, to keep up my spirits, "the hinds will move towards evening, sir, whatever."

To tell a man in my position this at one o'clock in the day, is rather a blow, but I resign myself, and Sandy tells me that we must be patient, and that no one need trouble to come out deerstalking at all who isn't patient; and so another hour passes away and the cold becomes perfectly insupportable. I remember a medical fact, that if the temperature of the blood falls three degrees, death is the inevitable result. I wonder how many degrees my temperature has gone down? I begin to compose at last a little paragraph for the papers.

"DEATH FROM EXPOSURE.

"A melancholy event, which we have to record, took place at Killispean on Friday ult. T. Clifford, Esq., an ardent sportsman, who was staying at Mr. Akers' lodge, went out deer-stalking in . . ."

Sandy comes scrambling back and breaks in upon my reflections. "You must come up to the crest of the hill at once, sir, and try to get a shot; they're all moving together."

I do not deny that the shock was great. I was chilled to the bone and rather wet. I knew that no power in the world would be able to make me hold the rifle still. However, we scrambled to the top, I shaping—an experience, I believe, not unknown among many sportsmen—something very much like a prayer in my mind. But it was not to be.

Sandy cast an angry, disappointed look down into the Corrie. A long string of deer, twenty, at least, were filing downwards

into the main valley, nearly three hundred yards away ; I do not now disguise the fact that I was heartily relieved ; but I turned to Sandy with a gloomy look, and said—

“Lost our chance, I suppose?”

“Yes,” he says, and explains that something has startled them, but that they are moving down to the rough ground below, and he then indicates a dizzy peak on the left, half-veiled in clouds. “We must go over that top there,” he says, “and go over it smart, and perhaps we will come up with them on the lower slopes.”

I register mentally a hope that his prediction may not be realized, and then start with great alacrity, simply for the sake of getting warm.

On the way Sandy confides to me that I am something like a stalker ; that many gentlemen would have been vexed to lose their chance like that ; to which I rejoin. “Oh, no—I’m not vexed ; you did your best, you know,” and we pass on, leaving, I hope, the impression in Sandy’s mind that he has to deal with a kind of Happy Warrior, a Montfaucon, all gentleness and skill ; I know that I can answer for the gentleness, but the skill—well, no more of this !

On we march—higher and higher, till the little ridge where we have been sitting, which seemed high enough, is like a knife-edge below. At last we reach and traverse a sharp, wind-swept summit, and hear the peculiar shriek of a high wind through grasses and stones, which is so far shriller and more musical than any sound which the wind ever makes among the resorts of men—and then down, over shingle and débris and great bars of rock—feet slipping on smooth grass slopes, and sloshing into peaty pools ; till about five o’clock, when we are nearing our goal, I realize that I am satiated with walking, and find my thoughts recurring to dry champagne with somewhat painful persistency.

At last a halt is called ; we are signalled to stop—and Sandy creeps forward again, and I see him sweep slope after slope with his glass, and I realize again, with some consciousness of the absurdity of the situation, how very strongly I hope that I shall not be called upon to shoot at all. At last Sandy shuts up his glass and signals me forward, and I come up to the crest anxiously, but on the whole cheerfully, for I now know that we shall have to be starting homewards. I reach Sandy and raise my brows interrogatively.

"They've just slipped away, sir. You won't get a shot to-day, I'm afraid."

I suppose no one ever felt more fervently thankful than I did then. I turn round with a look of quiet resignation. We were standing on the edge of a little valley covered with heath and reddish grass, with a little stream stealing along unseen at the bottom. Opposite, the slopes rise to a little top; there is not an inch of covert anywhere, except a rock with two or three scrubby alders about fifty yards to the left—beyond that is another declivity. Suddenly the gilly makes a sharp sound under his breath and points. Through a gap in the hillocks, about two hundred yards away, I see, following his finger, a herd of deer moving downwards; they have seen us, that is evident. Sandy sweeps them with his glass.

"Where are the stags?" I hear him say.

"Are those all hinds?" I inquire.

"Yes, sir."

As he says the words, he suddenly stops, and presses a hand on my shoulder. I sink to the ground, while Sandy tears the rifle from the gilly, pushes a cartridge in, and rams it into my hands. Out from behind that abominable rock, disturbed by the sound of our voices, march three stags; one, a glorious fellow with branching horns, two others just behind him. I feel that I am pale to the lips, and my mouth is suddenly and unaccountably dry.

"You must shoot at once," he says.

I feel that my voice is not all that it might be, but I manage to say—

"Is it cocked, and all that?"

"No," he says.

"Then cock it," I reply, handing him the rifle.

He gives an angry kind of grunt, and complies.

"Shoot, sir," he says. "It's your last chance."

"I can't shoot till he stops," I reply, feeling that to fire at that moving object would be simply ridiculous, as he is now about a hundred yards away.

"But he won't stop," he says.

"Then I shan't shoot at all," I say indignantly, endeavouring to get some sort of a sight on. The rifle is cold and clammy, and I am panting with excitement.

"Now, sir, now!—NOW!" he says, "it's your very last chance."

The brute was about a hundred and twenty yards away, and had reached a kind of platform on the slope; he stops for an instant to get a view of us. I had by this time covered him pretty well, and was used to his appearance against the heather. A rapid thought flies through my brain—I shall shoot and the smoke will clear away, and we shall toss a cartridge out and we shall see them gallop up the hill, and I shall go feebly home, and . . . I pressed the trigger; the rifle thundered in the hills and the smoke rose in a thick cloud. I turned over on my side.

"Well done, sir!" I hear Sandy say. "A splendid shot—you've got him!"

I can hardly believe my eyes, when, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a monstrous form, rolling, with head collapsed and loosened limbs, downwards among the bilberries. I rise, stare wildly round, thank Sandy somewhat incoherently, while the wary old dog loads the rifle carefully again, thrusts it into my hands, and starts off at a quick run.

"He may get up again, sir," he says.

We approach cautiously, for we see a great head rolling and sinking again among the heather stems, and a leg kick out strongly enough, I think. As we run, Sandy unbuckles a knife beneath his waistcoat, and in a moment we are up with him Sandy peers round.

"Get hold of his hind legs, sir, sharp—and hold on."

But it is unnecessary—there is no struggling to speak of, and in a moment Sandy has his head back, and the knife goes into his throat with a horrible swish; and, with a gasp and a sob, a stream of blood shoots out into the heather. I relax my hold and feel for the whisky-flask; while Sandy pushes back his cap and wipes his forehead.

"Thank you kindly, sir, I will just have a drop:" then "A Royal, sir, to be sure," and I pass my hand over the horns, which are still covered with velvet, and detect an infinitesimal swelling.

"This makes thirteen points, I think," I say.

"You're right, sir," says Sandy.

And then for the first time a kind of curious pity comes over me at the sight of the great wild beast and his clear pathetic eye, that was ranging the hills this morning as free as air, and now is down with the ugly gash in his throat, with his life-blood dyeing the heather. Well, if he must die, this is the best end

perhaps ; but I do not feel quite so sure of the necessity, especially as he has only been serving my pleasure after all—and, may I confess it? a lump in my throat, a smart in my nostrils, and a filmy feeling across the eyes warn me that the veteran sportsman—as I appear in Sandy's eyes—must take his triumph quietly. Meanwhile Sandy has turned him over and finds the bullet just in the hollow of the neck by the shoulder. "A grand shot," he says, musingly—while I am dissolved in wonder that the rifle should have been pointed precisely there, when there is so much space in every direction which it might have selected.

Well, of how we signalled for the pony, and how we grollocked him there upon the heather, let the Muse be silent. I confess to having watched every detail with the liveliest interest ; and when the complicated straps and buckles came into play, and were really used to strap the great carcass upon the saddle—those straps and buckles which I had eyed with somewhat ironical feelings in the morning ; and how the little Scotch laddie who led the pony felt the beast all over from horns to hoofs, and looked at me with awestruck, wondering eyes—and how we blindfolded the pony's eyes, as he had been smelling about the corpse with unequivocal dismay and ears laid back—and how the good, sure-footed beast wound slowly down among the rocks with never a stumble or a slip—all these are sacred, exultant memories for the sportsman in many a lonely moment, over a fragrant cigar.

And little more need be said. When I burst unkempt into the dining-room as the party were sitting over their wine, and was greeted with loud acclamations, while my host drummed on the table, and sang the "Conquering Hero" in a loud, untuneful voice—when I was able to re-assure him, as he said "now that the applause has subsided, you'll excuse my anxiety, but how about his haunches?" and how my adventures put the Colonel's bag of grouse into the shade, and knocked Sir John's salmon which had till then been the hero of the evening, into a cocked hat ; all that is very pleasant to recollect. I have shot several stags since then ; but even now, when I take down my hat from the mild, hairy face that looks so wistfully down in my dingy London entrance-hall, the memory of my first stag sends a thrill of pleasure through me which no sporting triumphs will ever blur.

## The Cottager at Home.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

### I.—COTTAGE ART.

We have passed lately through a somewhat bewildering cycle of celebrities at home in every grade of the animal creation. We have become conversant alike with every detail of the domestic life of the Gar fish, and the popular poet, as of the embryo prime minister, the risen author, and the *Cyclops communis*, or vulgar water-flea. Having remarked the attention that an intelligent public has bestowed on what could hardly have been expected to concern it, we venture to assume, now more popular themes are exhausted, that even the cottager at home may excite a momentary interest for those whose acquired taste daily requires details respecting somebody or something at home somewhere. We even trust that if the disagreeable portion of the subject, as set forth in the repeated articles on the dwellings of the poor, be only quietly ignored; if our readers are not forced into attic bedrooms and damp cellars; if they are not made uncomfortable, and it *is* uncomfortable for the moment to hear about the horrors that are walking in our midst; in short, if they are allowed to glance at the cottager at home when he is comparatively well to do; and if they are only asked to look at him from an irresponsible and consequently a rational point of view, that they may find a few notes about him, or rather about his artistic tendencies, of sufficient interest to while away a tedious ten minutes before dinner, or the arrival of the carriage.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes a visitor on going into cottages, especially in the midland counties, is how little reverence or regard remains in the present day for old heirlooms, old bits of china, old furniture. The inhabitants of the Manor and the Hall think "the old is better," but not so their brethren in corduroy.



"All things new" is their creed, and all the more fixedly so because, like other creeds, they can so seldom act up to it.

The oak settee, the dear old corner cupboard, the tall inlaid clock, are rapidly becoming things of the past in the cottages. They are swept up by dealers and foragers of every description, and it is sad to see the old family friends of a bygone generation losing their polish in curiosity shops, and looking out at their time of life for another situation.

And even if one finds some cottager who is unwilling to part with the quaint bit of furniture or china that has caught your fancy, and who shakes his head as your hand dives into your pocket, it is not because the article in question has a value for him as a thing of beauty, but because it happens to be "Granfeyther's cheer," or "Mither's teapot, as she had from her Mither afore her, and as she drank her last cup of tea out of afore she was took."

If the departed relative had happened to have used the metal teapot instead of the china one for her final dissipation, you might have gone on your way rejoicing.

Only the other day I noticed in a well-to-do cottage a very beautiful old carved chair, and was told by the woman to whom it belonged that she had bought it to match her cupboard. I looked round for the cupboard.

"Eh! dear miss, and I wish you could have seen it afore it went," and she described an oak chest, carved all over, with a raised king's head in the centre, and a date "as she couldna' make out." It is needless to say she had been offered a small sum for it by a dealer, and that she had vowed she would not part with it, no, not for less than double. She had, of course, been taken at her word, and a cart had immediately appeared upon the scene.

The same woman bade her daughter fetch her scrap-book to show me, and as the child went for it told me that she had given her an old book "to paste her little picters in. It had been Granfeyther's, and he had set great store by it, so she didna like to make away with it, so she had given it to the child."

The sight of the poor old book, a quarto volume of sermons dating 230 years back, with its Treatise on the Passions, its queer old engravings and illuminated headings, its erratic spelling and pompous dedication to *Her Highnesse the Princesse Elizabeth, Princesse Palatine of the Rhine, and Dutchesse of Bavaria*, appealed to my finer feelings. It was not worth much, but it

had a certain dignity. It had fallen, if not from a high, still from a respectable estate. "Granfeyther had set great store by it," and I rescued it for a shilling, and sponged off the humiliations gummed to its first pages, and found it a place on my shelf.

Near it stands, in a place of honour, a once homeless and destitute teapot. It is white Wedgwood, beautifully shaped, covered with lightly draped figures in delicate bas-relief, the lid ornamented by the figure of a swan, minus the head, alas! That teapot was picked up from a dung-heap in the neighbourhood. The head of the swan is probably there still.

Yes, all things new. That is the one idea. The spirit of the thriving working class—if it can afford to indulge in that most dismal of possessions, a parlour—yearns after horsehair sofas with crochet-work antimacassars, after wax-flowers under glass shades, and woolwork mats supporting immaculate family Bibles, unruffled by an enquiring thumb. The pictorial art is in keeping with the rest of the apartment. A few familiar specimens rise before my mind's eye as I write. There is *Happy Childhood* represented by a dropsical infant seated on an expensive cushion, twining roses round the neck of an attendant dove. Then there is *Charity* (poor Charity, who exists only to be caricatured!) showing a vulgar over-dressed aristocrat in the act of relieving a starving family with the contents of an elegant flower-basket, while her coach and horses prance in the rear. That picture, although it hangs on the wall, belongs to a past generation. Such fossilized ideas about the relations of the classes are happily obsolete now among the poor, at any rate, if still extant in some very remote country places in the minds of the basket-owners.

Then there is *The Little Peacemaker*, one of a numerous class of pictures which deals exclusively with domestic life in the highest circles. We have our "Lion at Home." They have the Nobility in its private moments.

*The Little Peacemaker* is represented by an outrageously fashionable female child, got up regardless of expense in a short flounced frock, and a pair of highly polished French boots with tassels. She is trying in an impossible attitude to draw a ringleted lady in full evening dress (no doubt her mother) in the direction of a profusely whiskered cad (no doubt her father), who is reading a newspaper with one leg curled bonelessly round the other. One can only wonder that the repugnance of

the lady could be overcome at all, but the French boots are evidently winning the day.

Perhaps worse than any of these, because positively harmful, are the pictures which take upon themselves to represent well-known scriptural events. I have seen pictures of this description which, like the gratitude of men, have left me mourning.

"Harmful?" I hear the usual rejoinder. "Oh, no! You forget *they* don't look at them as you do. *They* don't think them irreverent."

Perhaps that is the very point. Perhaps if they saw the irreverence, the picture would do them no harm. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. To some minds "A Little Peacemaker" is preferable to a bare wall. The craving for adornment is the same in all classes. There is a great gulf fixed between the prosperous and the struggling working-class, those that have parlours and those that have none, but, however poor the struggling class may be, poor to insufficient clothing and paucity of food, they will cover their walls somehow. They know the want of colour; not good drawing, not anything elevating, or even interesting, but a bit of bright colour. In a few houses I know belonging to older people, richly coloured paper portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort at the time of their marriage are still to be seen, carefully preserved, but rather dilapidated when contrasted with the brand-new roseate soldier pasted near them, whose pink expressionless face has a far-off, a very far-off look of Gordon. Many, too, is the paper advertisement that started life on a biscuit or grocer's box, which, by reason of its flaunting coloured trademark, its crimson bull's head, or its gamboge lion, is passing an honoured old age on a cottage wall. Insurance companies' sheets of securities, old almanacs, old fashion plates, nothing comes amiss, provided it comes brightly clad. Anything to break the dead level of the wall with its mouldering paper or dingy whitewash.

In the bedroom of a very miserable cottage I know (excuse me, reader, I am only going into it for a moment. I shall be down again directly), there is a paper pattern of woolwork slippers carefully pinned against the wall. That one little attempt at decoration impressed the poverty of the house upon me more than the low bed heaped with old clothes, more than the gaunt woman bending over it with the hungry, hunted look in her eyes, or even than the prostrate, motionless figure in the

half light, whose only chance was "a liberal and nourishing diet."

What had been considered utterly worthless, what had been thrust away into a well-to-do waste-paper basket, what had perhaps fluttered on a dust-heap, had been picked up, and brought home, and raised to honour over the head of the bed. The pictures that can be bought for a penny, the glories of art that are obedient to the beckoning of a sixpence, rose up before me. And through all the years of that hungry woman's life she had never got further than that paper pattern!

These are the houses where four tin-tacks and a coloured sheet out of an illustrated paper are hailed with delight; more delight than the much-needed but unornamental flannel-petticoat that accompanies it. The aristocrats who have front parlours and *frames* would think scorn of your humble offering, but here it is a welcome guest.

"Come down wi' ye," said an old woman the other day, tearing down a diminutive photograph of a gentleman relative, and hanging on its nail a picture which I had brought her.

"Well!" stepping back, arms akimbo, to contemplate a specimen of floral art strewn with butterflies, about which I had had my doubts; "Well! I never thought I should ha' had such a present as *that*."

One class remains, an ever-dwindling one, of which we have not yet spoken; the agricultural labouring people who are prosperous, and yet who have *not* parlours. They are dying out, at least in the midland counties, about which I am at present speaking. May they never quite die out, the people who, as they would say, stand on their own footing, and "can't abide folks settin' theirselves up to be quality!" They have self-respect, and, just as the old county family refuses with quiet dignity the title that is caught at so eagerly by the hatter's grandson, so they feel that they do not depend on parlours, and can even afford to dispense with those recognized credentials of gentility, wax flowers under glass shades.

Who does not know the look of those houses, with their patch-work strip of garden in front? I think God favours cottage-gardens; they are always so gay with hollyhocks and old-fashioned roses, so sweet with clumps of gillyflower and lavender close against the wall. And the big yew-tree, with the top clipped in the similitude of a peacock, keeps guard over the gate. Sometimes there is another yew on the other side trying to be a

peacock too. It may have but one slender shoot as yet where the bushy comet-like tail should be, but it has grasped the idea, and it presses in its tender youth towards the mark.

When you knock at the open door you are taken into the kitchen, the kitchen which will soon exist only in romance ; with its shining array of cooking implements ; its miracles of framed sampler ; its dresser displaying a complete set of willow pattern ; its tall family clock which marks (so you are told) the tides and the rising of the moon ; its pendant glories of nude flitch and papered ham, under which at certain seasons of the year you are requested with true politeness not to sit, "for fear o' the droppings."

There is comfort in a room of this description, and there is also a certain dignity which is somehow lacking in the shrine of *The Little Peacemaker*. And the apron is not torn off, and the darning is not laid down when you come in. These are the houses where one is most at ease, and out of which I am sure—in the experience of any one who has become nearly acquainted with his poor relations—the best of our English working class come ; people independent in manner as one would wish them to be, loyal in heart, people who are not afraid of hard work ; people whose numbers, alas ! even in the recollection of those who have hardly reached middle age, are decreasing year by year.

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## II.—VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENTS.

A MAN, we are told, is always a rogue when he is ill ; and might it not with truth be added, when he is—*dull* ? We all know that a malevolent spirit is specially employed to lure idle hands into unprofitable activity. It is part of our nature to be doing something, just as, in default of a mouse, a kitten finds it necessary to waylay and circumvent her own tail. I have always considered a Manx cat a particularly sad and vacant-minded individual, the reason no doubt being that it has had no tail to serve it as a pursuit in infancy, and a responsibility through rapidly-closing doors in later life.

In large towns I suppose dulness has in a great measure been elbowed out, even from among the lowest in the social scale, though possibly rather at the expense of peace, quiet, and respectability. Certainly the little London street arab who

deposits your coin in his mouth, being only too literally out of pocket, though his clothing is suggestive of pockets all over, may look hungry, but he never looks dull. The class above him who are in some kind of work look cold at times, especially in winter, and discontented perhaps, but seldom dull.

It is to the country that dulness has fled, and intrenched herself among the labouring class, even occasionally in their very churches.

The unvaried monotony in many places of the country labourer's existence has aroused in most of us at some time a passing sympathy, even if Mr. Jessop had not drawn a picture, which those who live much in the country must have recognised as true, of the dulness, the apathy, of the little groups of labourers one sees standing about together after their work is done. This state of things sometimes leads to unfortunate results. No less a sum than three hundred and fifty pounds passed from one Yorkshire village to another last summer in the course of one week. The men had betted two or three weeks' wages in advance on their local cricket match. Anything for a little excitement! Possibly they may have had it, when they returned home to their wives.

So much is done for the poor you hear now-a-days, though rarely from those *by* whom much is done. And it is true. There are the Sunday schools where young ladies teach, an advantage to the children of the poor which those intimately acquainted with the extent of a young lady's education alone can adequately appreciate. There are Friendly Societies, Clubs for young and old, reading-rooms, mother's meetings, lending libraries of those choice selected volumes which we read with such avidity ourselves, in which a timid little narrative trips up and finally loses itself in a maze of scriptural instruction, and struggles up at the end for a moment, only to be suffocated for good by a flood of texts and a moral. A dinner is generally ready to rush in a covered basket on the heels of an accident or illness. Acts of personal kindness are very common. You hear "The Quality are very kind." The poorer girls of the village know that Providence will provide them through a certain recognized channel with their outfit when they are going to their first place. Remedial tracts for temporary backslidings are not wanting. Whether ill or well much is done, but in the same place where many or all of these things are willingly performed, the need for one thing more—for amusement—is but rarely seen,



rarely taken into account ; the essential need of recreation after work, of innocent employment of spare time.

And let those who are interested in their "own people" (and I know I am speaking to a large class), let them, while they do so much for the education and the welfare and the comfort of their poor, remember that there is still one thing needful. Let them remember that the young especially *will* have amusement. They will get it somehow. Have it they must, if not innocent then questionable.

I know that much is justly said against dancing as a recreation for the young (I wonder why people who disapprove of it always call it promiscuous dancing), but I have never been able to see why, if it is a harmless amusement for ourselves, it should be bad for our young foster-brothers and sisters in the village. People who have never at one time of their lives really loved dancing for its own sake, have never had any genuine youth, and must not be allowed to lay down the law for the young, as they so often try to do. It is one of the many unrecognized duties of the young to keep persons of this description in their proper place, which is a back seat when questions of this kind are discussed. The elder generation who have danced themselves never forget. They understand. Let *them* judge.

Some of the village balls at which I have been present, and where I have seen more genuine and intense enjoyment than at many a fashionable one, were given in his own house by a clergyman, who in his youth had been an enthusiastic dancer.

I have known village lads walk six miles at night after their day's work, to dance at some low place in the nearest country town and trudge back in the small hours. A good dance from time to time in a well-lighted parish room or tent, among their own favourite girls, under approving supervision, would have soon taken the wind out of the sails of a slip-shod gin-shop six miles off.

Fortunately for those who live in the country it is not hard to amuse the village mind. Very few among ourselves, if we come to think of it, carry about with us a spirit of enjoyment. Our mental high collars, or tight lacing, or pinching shoes go with us wherever we go. We cannot enjoy ourselves for the sake of enjoying ourselves. We want circumstances. That is the worst of us ; and it is here that the poor have the advantage of us. They don't want any circumstances. They have, as a class, just that simplicity which we as a class have

lost; that keen relish and generous appetite for simple, very simple diet, with which our over-refined digestions have parted company.

Look at the lower orders (I hate the word, but I know of no other) enjoying themselves. Mark the deep murmur of satisfaction, the subdued quaking of the waistcoat, the sudden roar of applause, the enthusiasm which finds vent in smiting itself and its neighbour upon the thigh, and in hammering the floor through. A village concert is of course the commonest style of entertainment, and as a rule a popular one, though perhaps it might be made still more so if the people who have to listen to it were a little more considered by the organisers. Who has not heard long weary violin solos at such entertainments because so and so played the violin and could not be left out? Who has not heard a little feeble soprano warble out "'Tis the last woe of summer," because she is the squire's daughter, and has had lessons? It is the same principle as that of Caleb Balderstone. It is giving what is absolutely worthless, what we (in private life) bear with grim patience as a dispensation of Providence, to the poor. And it is a little old-fashioned now to think that what we ourselves find a weariness of the flesh is likely to afford them any poignant satisfaction.

But in trying to amuse, with the best intentions, one may fail, and then the good people do not do things by halves. If they are not amused they do not pretend to be amused. They sit perfectly stolid, respectful, attentive, but they do not flatter you whom they respect perhaps and like, and who are taking such trouble and getting into such a state of heat on their account. It never occurs to them to act a lie, even such a harmless lie as that. You have chosen your piece of reading, or your song, or whatever it is, badly. It does not tickle them, and they are true to themselves. They make no sign.

Then let a man of experience, a man who knows the bucolic mind, succeed you. It certainly is very humiliating. That good-natured stranger who is staying with you, who comes forward gravely biting a large piece out of a slice of bread, brings down the house before he has spoken a word. He sings a little song with his mouth full. He is preternaturally grave all the time. At the end of the first verse he informs his audience that that *is* the first verse, adding funereally, "There are only two verses."

The audience screams with delight. The floor threatens to

give way beneath the pounding of enthusiastic feet. He is a man after the audience's own heart.

This style of wit may possibly strike a town reader as small ; but a very little humour will go a long way with a village audience, provided it be of the right sort—namely, visible to the naked eye, or obvious to every intellect. I have seen a wretch convulse two hundred villagers by singing a song in his hat, out of a small hole in the top of which he drew his very dilapidated pocket-handkerchief. They could *see* the wit of that. A slice of bread taken into the system in large bites appealed irresistibly to their sense of the ludicrous. A pocket-handkerchief pulled out through a hole in the top of a hat spoke for itself.

There are also stock subjects, a hit at which is certain to bring down the house at any time. Any depreciatory allusion to the married state may always be relied on, and a hit at a policeman invariably gives pleasure.

Next best to being made to laugh, a village audience likes to be made to cry ; and very little will do it, if that also is set about in the right way. There are certain songs and certain tunes which affect us all. What soldier's wife or sister can hear without a certain contraction of the heart the tune of 'The Girl I left behind Me' ? What Frenchman will not fire up at the mere echo of the *Marseillaise* ? What village audience will not sympathise with 'Home sweet Home' ? It does not matter how often they hear it ; they are always ready to hear about the lowly thatched cottage again, even those among them who have new tiled roofs and a stucco porch. There is no place like home, as some of us know to our cost. But they never get so far as that. They are always touched—always, always, by 'Home sweet Home.' Very popular too is a song that treats of a young woman who is portrayed as being, somewhere in the spring, by a river, or a stile—anywhere will do—who is not found to be there later on, say in the autumn, though the stile and the river remain very much as they were.

Any song about a young creature of the name of Mary is also fairly sure of success if the name is repeated often enough, Mary being in most villages the commonest name of any. Everybody has got a Mary, or knows a Mary, though, alas ! a Mary generally united to a prosaic Jane or Anne, which is never omitted in conversation.

A village concert is generally popular, as we have seen ; but

I am sure far more amusement will generally be found in an entertainment got up and mainly given by the people themselves, with one or two of the "quality" to direct, suggest, and control. This involves personal trouble and time, which, no doubt, in the busy lives of our country gentry can ill be spared; but when a small capital of this kind can be laid out, without detriment to more important avocations, it will bring in a heavy interest, and will not, I think, be regretted.

The people, of course, require to be educated to it, to a certain degree, to be made to wish to emulate other places, to gain confidence in themselves, to become ambitious. What is more hopeful than the slow enunciation, with the head a little on one side, of a worthy householder of Slowcum, that "if them of Slumberleigh could do it, why not them of Slowcum?"

I have known a whole village kept employed and interested, and liable to sudden bursts of laughter at whispered allusions, for three weeks or more, by a set of wax-works which the energetic squire set going. The people were to do it; the people were to make their own dresses and the stage requirements; the people, and none but the people, were to appear upon the stage. The girls had their dresses, all of the commonest, though the most effective, materials, to make, the expense of the stuffs being defrayed by the money gained. The time of one young man was entirely taken up in devising a cunning spring, by means of which a pasteboard lion, the elaborate work of another artist, was to be made to wildly wave its tail when Una put her head into its jaws.

The young man who was to personate an infant as reared on Nestlé's Infant Food shaved the moustache that had been the work of years. Enthusiasm made a rush at two entire suits of tin-foil and brown paper armour, two pasteboard chargers, two donkeys ditto, and an unknown number of spears, bugles, and swords, and carried all before it. Everybody felt that the moment had come for distinguishing himself or herself. There were two rehearsals every week amid shrieks of laughter, not to be controlled even by the presence of the squire, who, like an able officer, rebuked, restrained, exhorted, and finally led on to victory.

The delight of the village at beholding their own kith and kin exalted before them in unexpected dresses under vivid lamplight was indescribable. Was not that William, their own William of the post office whom they beheld in glorious apparel as a

brigand chief? "Eh, but William's Jane! well might she be proud this night!" And Queen Elizabeth? was not that—why—if it wasn't Jemima Ann! And the nun; her in the black dress and white cross; could it be *Hemma*, Brooks's *Hemma*, Brooks's of the Mills *Hemma*?

The roof was nearly taken off: would have been if there had been standing room for another voice to swell the applause.

Opportunities make themselves for those who are on the lookout for them for providing, or better still, helping forward village entertainments, and it should be remembered that though the actual amusement to be got out of any entertainment is but temporary and dies with it, still the effect upon the rural mind is far more lasting, making it more capable of taking an interest, more energetic, more abhorrent of a vacuum.

No better time for what is vulgarly called a happy day exists than a Harvest Home.

I have seen Harvest Homes which were quite an epoch in the village year; when the squire and his farmers joined together to provide a dinner and an afternoon's entertainment for their joint labourers, allowing the world in general admission after dinner at sixpence a head. A conjuror, a Punch and Judy show, an Aunt Sally, and a medicine bottle, at which a rifle could be let off thrice for a penny, constituted the bulk of the entertainment, and when it became dusk lamps were lighted in the largest tent and dancing began.

"This," said one of the county magnates present, planting a magisterial walking-stick firmly in the sod, "this is true wisdom. That Aunt Sally nips Radicalism in the bud, and a meeting like this will do more good to the right side than twenty Conservative ones."

That village entertainments entail trouble and labour on the part of the squire, clergyman, or whoever is the chief mover in the parish there is no doubt. The days are gone by when Lady Bountiful can be enacted, and there is nothing for it now but working *with* the people instead of approving and smiling benignantly from a distance. Assisting by proxy and *de haut en bas* will no longer carry a thing through and bring it to a successful issue, if it ever did.

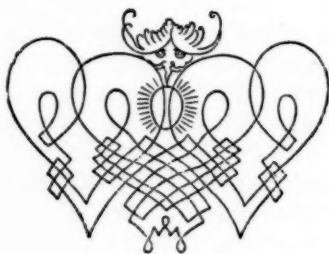
Personal trouble is the weapon of the present day as regards the lower classes. Where you lead personally they will at present follow; what you hold up to respect is sacred to them still; where you can show clean hands and an upright life, clean

hands will grow to be respected, and—an immense step—dirty ones to be despised.

Opinion moves slower in the country than in the towns, and it is of the country only that I am now speaking, of places where Radicalism is still hardly more than a name, where the influence of the resident upper class as yet predominates.

Surely the lower classes were never more really dependent upon us than now, when (like a creeping child discovering it is possessed of legs) they are beginning to hear that they have rights, beginning to feel their independence.

Creeping is with our species in the nature of things, *for a time*, but walking is an advance upon it, in which youthful enterprise, ignorant of the laws of gravity, may contract heavy falls and many contusions, unless the experienced helping hand (instead of being withdrawn in contempt of infantile conceit) will still uphold, restrain and guide.





# Naomi.

## CHAPTER I.

THE houses were high and wide, with flat fronts painted on unobtrusive, brownish drab. There were some ten or twelve in all. They stretched in a line up St. Mary's Hill, a square grass-plot, by courtesy called a garden, in front of each house, and, bounding the gardens, a stone wall of excellent height and stoutness. The wall shut out the sight and sound of the giddy, vulgar world that lived beyond, and saved the front drawing-rooms from over-much dust and sunshine. It was ivy-clad within, lichen-clad without, and the ivy straggled over the wall-top and tossed in the keener, fresher breeze that met it, and nodded indecorously above the heads of passers-by. At regular distances in the line of wall, low, narrow, weather-stained garden-doors opened upon the garden-squares. From garden-door to front-door stretched a strip of gravelled pathway—very straight. The front-doors were narrow but tall, brass-knockerred, genteely painted and imposing.

St. Mary's Villas were houses with a reputation—with a history of more than mere negative respectability. Here in the forties and fifties, the chief gentry of Dydmouth had hallowed the ground; and when, in the sixties, the gentry had deserted it, moving further away from the growing suburb of lath-and-plaster terraces, cheap lodgings and offensive shops, still the odour of their gentility remained. This had perhaps proved oppressive to the undesirable plebeian mind. The new tenants who had come in one by one were in every case, in every sense, unexceptionable—untainted by trade, in politics Conservative, in doctrine orthodox, with a bias against Methodism, surpliced-choirs and followers in the kitchen, temperate, but temperate

with wine on the table and a spirit-stand in the sideboard cupboard.

Miss Agatha Price and her sister Sophy, who lived at the foot of the hill, were typical ladies of the terrace. Their manners were invariably polite, gently ceremonious; their deportment was correct; their dress was of the best material and soberest tints, it followed the fashion but followed it slowly with suitable dignity. Their house was excellently ordered; their servants were well-conducted, black-gowned, white-aproned, neatly-capped, deferential; both mistresses and servants trod softly, spoke slowly in subdued tones, and smiled in a chastened way, without levity. The ladies lived a quiet, leisurely, not very useful life; but they rose to it at a severely early hour each day, and took their meals and walks and afternoon naps with a rigorous punctuality that gave to their leisure a savour of work and duty. They held strict views and held them strictly, not weakly subject to either persuasion or argument. They rarely talked about their views. Men might discuss opinions—that was fitting; women only *held* them. The gravest matters were not meant for womanly conversation: political talk was undoubtedly masculine, and religious conversation was at all times irreverent and unsuitable. In conversation, as in act and dress and manners, a lady should be a lady—sure of herself but unassertive, above all things unremarked.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had their little circle of friends, old family friends who dressed as suitably, spoke as quietly, thought in all matters as correctly. Only mere acquaintances sometimes held false opinions. And such acquaintances remained acquaintances. Miss Sophy, when she spoke of them, spoke with pathos in her tone. Miss Agatha bowed to them distantly and looked with a prejudiced eye on the set of their gowns, the polish on their door-bells, and the fashion of their Sunday bonnets. Miss Agatha was the practical sister. But Miss Sophy with a less practical mind, was more often appealed to for advice. She had a sympathetic manner of listening; she had a soft, sympathetic pathetic voice; when she spoke of herself she spoke with a little air of gentle, regretful reminiscence that was somehow soothing to her hearers. Her younger friends called her "Poor Miss Sophy"; they confided parts of their love-stories to her when their love-stories were melancholy and not passionate, and when Miss Agatha was not by.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy being what they were, all their ways so satisfactory, all their views so seemly, their conversation so refined, it was sad that their niece, Naomi, should have taken after them so little. It was particularly sad because Naomi for some months was to live with them. For many years they had been meaning to invite her—she was poor Philip's child—they owed a duty to their brother's child; it was only proper that some time she should come to them; poor Philip would have expected it; no one could say that they did not respect poor Philip's wishes. The invitation had gone forth. Naomi had come. And nearly a year must pass before she would be gone again.

Naomi favoured her mother's family, and her mother's family had always been unsatisfactory. She had been brought up by them. She had been brought up to talk constantly, with no dignified reserve, no becoming sobriety of speech, to laugh in a flighty way, to sit with her hands clasped about her knees in the most unladylike of attitudes, to hum secular tunes on Sundays, to draw up the blinds though the sun faced the windows, to throw up the windows though the wind was high, to talk about the play and the relative merits of London actresses, to wear bright-coloured gowns made of paltry stuffs, to issue from the garden-door with her gloves unbuttoned, to prefer the society of men, and of young men, and to declare it smilingly with unlowered eyes and without a blush.

It was nearly a month now since Naomi had come. From the first her aunts had disapproved of her; every day had but deepened their disapproval. Every day she had surprised them with some fresh iniquity. She had rested her elbows on the table at dinner, had put her hands together and bent them back to lean her cheek against them, and looking unconcernedly towards the head of the table had asked Miss Agatha, in the presence too of the parlour-maid who was handing the vegetables, "why she was not a Socialist?" She had bought cheap novels with vulgar yellow backs, and had brought them uncovered into the drawing-room. She had carried her breakfast-cup to the open window of the dining-room, had seated herself on the window-sill, and had thought of drinking her coffee there. She had been introduced to young Mr. Nicholson who lived next door, and the next day had laughingly addressed him across the garden-wall, and, although he had evidently been conscious that

such an action on her part was unusual and unbecoming, and had been reluctant to abet her in her disregard for the proprieties, she had succeeded in detaining him for many minutes, had looked up at him with as sweet a glance as though he had been an old friend, and a woman-friend, and had made some giddy little joke at which she had laughed quickly and gaily, and at which he had very gravely smiled.

It was of Mr. Nicholson and of Naomi's unsuitable behaviour towards him that Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had been vaguely discoursing all this afternoon. It was their duty to point out to Naomi that her manner was unbecoming—that strangers, who did not know her aunts, might even call it unladylike, might even think her "fast." The task had proved difficult. It was impossible to speak quite clearly on such a subject—clearness was indelicate. To breathe the word "fast" in connection with a niece of their own (even though the word expressed the false supposition of an ignorant and supposititious stranger) was too shocking. They could only speak vaguely in hints and parables. And reproofs so couched somehow failed to arrest Naomi's attention, failed to impress her seriously.

Naomi was standing in an easy attitude beside the window, her head leant a little back against the shutter, her fingers fidgeting with the tassel of the window-blind. She wore a cheap little gown, rust-red in colour, and oddly made, with too little width in the skirt and no trim collar-band about the neck—a gown which people in the street glanced at observantly in passing. Her hair, too, was mortifying to her aunts. In itself it was pretty hair, dark and soft and wavy; but it was cut almost short and allowed to fall forward upon her brow in a fashion perhaps artistic—certainly uncustomary. She was a pretty girl, but her prettiness differed somehow from the unobtrusive, well-bred prettiness of the girls whom her aunts had known. They had an uneasy feeling that she was too brilliantly pretty to be quite ladylike, quite refined. Her dark eyes were too swift in their glances; her lips expressed too much—perhaps it was her looks, even more than her words, that made her manners seem so free, so unbecoming.

"And there is nothing, Naomi, that gentlemen really dislike so much," reasoned Miss Agatha, her glance bent down upon her knitting, her voice lowered a little as she pronounced the word 'gentlemen,' "as a free manner in a lady. It shocks

them. We have no idea how much it shocks them. It shocks them inexpressibly."

Naomi was still playing idly with the dangling tassel, and Miss Agatha was not sure that she was listening.

"It shocks them, as I say, inexpressibly," Miss Agatha repeated.

"Oh, poor things!" said Naomi.

There was certainly laughter in the tone; Miss Agatha sat a little more upright, held her knitting a little more stiffly, and watched her stitches with severity. Miss Sophy looked, in an uneasy way, from her sister to her niece. Silence, and especially the silence of displeasure, always fidgeted Miss Sophy; she liked her little world to chat constantly.

"Poor Mr. Nicholson!" said Naomi—"poor dear Mr. Nicholson!"

"Mr. Nicholson," said Miss Agatha severely, "I scarcely like to say it, Naomi, but Mr. Nicholson is—is a *young* man. You seem, my dear, very strangely to forget that."

Naomi laughed—a flighty, sudden little laugh that made Miss Sophy's brow contract nervously.

"It is not quite—not quite nice," continued Miss Agatha, "to speak in such a familiar way of a man as young as Mr. Nicholson."

"Young!" echoed Naomi. "Was he ever young? Even in bibs and pinafores he was elderly. I am sure of it. He ate sugared sops with the dignity of a patriarch. Oh, I know it—I can see him. What a pity no one painted him—he would have made a Christmas Number picture, a Graphic picture, a lovely picture! What a pity!"

Miss Agatha was silent. She would be forbearing to Naomi—forbearance was perhaps a duty—but it certainly could not behove her to continue a grave argument when Naomi chose to jest.

Naomi tossed back her hair from her brow and stood looking across the garden at the grey February sky beyond. She was conscious of feeling a little cross, a little impatient—impatient with Aunt Agatha, with herself, with Mr. Nicholson, with the walled-in garden, with the greyness of the day, with all the world. She was vexed with herself for feeling vexed. All this prudishness of Aunt Agatha's should only amuse her—and it did amuse her—it amused her greatly.

"How ought one to behave, Aunt Agatha, to a *young* man?"

she asked, in a musing tone, not looking round. "Must one efface oneself—quite efface oneself—get into a corner and sit there and study the tips of one's toes? Do you think now, if I wore a grey gown—wouldn't a grey gown suffice? If I parted my hair in the middle and wore a grey gown, Aunt Agatha, should I still shock him, do you think?"

"It shocks us, Naomi, to hear you talk so flippantly," replied Miss Agatha. "I do not wish to be severe, my dear, but we as girls were never allowed to talk so much, especially to gentlemen. It is not usual. It seems—it seems forward—it does, indeed. Mr. Nicholson yesterday looked quite embarrassed—you talked to him so long."

Naomi's eyes, looking straight at Miss Agatha's, laughed suddenly. But her face flushed a little.

"I think, my dear, that you surprised him," said Miss Sophy mildly.

Naomi's eyes still laughed, but her colour was still deepening. She was a little anxious to show that she was quite at ease—only amused, not irritated. She raised her arms and clasped her hands behind her head and threw back her head against them lazily.

"I knew I was surprising him," she said. "I did not mind surprising him—I did not mind it in the least."

Miss Agatha looked at her gravely for a moment, then in silence, slowly and disapprovingly lowered her eyes.

"I like surprising him," continued Naomi, speaking lightly, yet with some insistence. "It amuses me. He is so serious! so respectable! Was ever anyone so respectable?"

The word "respectable" jarred a little on Miss Sophy's sense of fitness. She looked at Naomi uneasily, feeling that a protest was needed, but doubtful how to word it.

"There are the Carus Nicholsons," she said vaguely—"the Nicholsons are cousins of the Carus Nicholsons. And his mother was a Crowther—the Admiral Crowthers. There was no one so much looked up to as old Admiral Crowther. His grave is close to ours—a marble headstone, railed in, almost next to ours. It was pleurisy he died of. Such a fine man! He was prayed for in church two Sundays—and the next Sunday every one in black—I remember it so well. And his daughter married Mr. Amos Nicholson. Bankers they are, the Nicholsons.

"Is Mr. Nicholson's name 'Amos'?" asked Naomi.



"No ; Mr. Nicholson is Mr. Edward. We have known him all his life. We have always thought very highly of him."

"No one could think anything but highly of him!—no one would ever dare," said Naomi. "And how that lady will admire him—that lady of his choice ! Poor Mr. Nicholson ! I do hope that he will find her—"

"My dear, I never heard that there was any lady," said Miss Sophy gravely, looking down at her soft black dress and examining the shape of the cuff with a contemplative air. "I think not—I *think* not. I never heard of any lady."

"But there *is* a lady," declared Naomi, with a little frivolous laugh. "A very model lady. She wears collars and cuffs—beautiful starchy collars and cuffs ! She wears a grey gown, and parts her hair, and always blushes when she is spoken to. She writes in the sweetest, finest Italian hand, and all her sentiments are fit for copy-books. She spells man with a big 'M' and woman with an invisible 'w.' She's most admirable. I don't like her—but she's very admirable. I think perhaps he has never met her yet—he is in love with her all the same. Whenever he looks at me he thinks of her—he thinks he is sorry for me, I am so unlike her. He looks at me and looks away—gravely and slowly, as you look, Aunt Agatha—to mark his disapproval. Poor, poor me !"

Miss Agatha laid down her knitting and sat upright stiffly in her easy chair, and looked with a steady glance at the frivolous girl before her.

"I disapprove of your conduct, certainly, sometimes,—you force us to disapprove," she said, in a quiet and chilling way. "What I try to bear in mind, my dear, is your training, your bringing up. We know that you have laboured under disadvantages—living so long in London—and a circle so different from our own. Your grandfather's friends are naturally artist people—that is natural, indeed inevitable, I suppose. And you have lived there now for so many years. Of course we bear that in mind."

"I remember," said Miss Sophy musingly, with a sigh, "staying in London with your mother once—years ago now, when your dear father was still living ; and your mother took me to spend an evening with her people. I remember it very well—Aunt Agatha has often heard me speak of it. There was a little party—a very odd party. Some one, I remember, played a violin. There was one very strange-mannered person, I can see him

now—a person with a beard—he nursed his foot whilst he spoke to me. And he put his arm upon my chair—right across the back ; I remember it very well. All their manners were most familiar, most free—not at all what one is accustomed to. And their coats ! And their hair ! I shall always remember it.”

Naomi unclasped her hands from behind her head and turned her face towards the window with a quick impatient movement. It was still with impatience and restlessness that presently she turned again towards her aunts.

“You would never understand, would you ?” she asked half fiercely, “that I pine for the sight of a velveteen coat again—my heart almost aches for it. Oh, don’t look at me like that—don’t ! I know all my sentiments are shocking. I know it—never mind saying so again.”

“My dear, you are excited !” expostulated Miss Sophy mildly.

“No. Only tired of the sight of broadcloth,” said Naomi with a little laugh. “In the presence of velveteen, life is so beautifully simple. Velveteen thinks one’s faults most charming—most original. Broadcloth looks at one’s virtues superciliously and finds them—thin. Poor Mr. Nicholson ! I wonder how he would look in velveteen with his hair grown long. Would his hair curl, Aunt Sophy, do you think ?”

But Miss Sophy was glancing nervously at Miss Agatha ; Miss Agatha’s long thin face expressed silent, dignified displeasure.

“I do not think his hair would curl,” said Naomi after a minute, slowly and profoundly. “It’s a comfort to think that he is not perfect, that there is something wanting in him. A wonderful comfort !”

Again there was a minute’s silence. Miss Agatha sighed. “You are speaking very frivolously, Naomi,” said she with a patient air. “I think you scarcely know how foolishly you speak.”

“It’s the thought of so much wisdom and solemnity,” said Naomi. “It oppresses me. One is bound to laugh at Mr. Nicholson—to remind oneself that he’s but a mortal. Mr. Nicholson ! *What* a name ! But it’s like him. One would know without telling that he wore top hats, and black kid gloves on week days. He turns out his toes from a high moral motive. He never smiles except from a sense of duty. Yes, I knew that I disliked him.”

She crossed the room in an aimless way, looked at a picture

of grapes and roses and dewdrops on the wall, and wandered aimlessly back again. She put her hands on the rail of Miss Sophy's chair, and bent forward with an odd little smile, half mischievous, half caressing.

"I'm not a very nice niece, am I?" she said sympathetically. "It's horrid for you, isn't it? Never mind! I'm nicer than I seem, Aunt Sophy—inside, you know."

"My dear, we are not finding fault with you," said Miss Sophy hastily. "You are treading on my dress, my dear."

"I can't be a model person," Naomi explained, with a long-drawn sigh; "and I don't want to be. Your dress? No, I'm not touching it. Rummaging your hair? I didn't mean to. You poor thing! Kiss me, and I'll go away."

## CHAPTER II.

The back gardens of St. Mary's Villas opened into a grass-grown lane; a pretty little countrified lane with a straggling hedge on one side and a view of fields beyond the hedge. Here, in the spring evenings, Mr. Nicholson would sometimes bring his paper, and walk slowly up and down as he read or reflected. In the spring afternoons and evenings Naomi, too, found the house depressing. She issued forth, book in hand, crossed the little green lane, climbed a padlocked gate, and trespassed with untroubled conscience in the fields on the other side.

This sunny April evening Mr. Nicholson was taking his customary stroll. He held his paper in his hands, but his hands behind him; he strolled slowly, his shoulders well back, his head erect, his glance fixed reflectively on the soft blue sky before him, his thoughts intent on business matters, the day's everyday events in town. Suddenly, as he approached the padlocked gate, his glance was attracted earthwards. On the other side of the gate, and close to it, half in the sunshine, half in the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, sat Naomi Price; hatless, jacketless, gloveless, her elbows on the grass, her chin between her hands, an open book on the ground before her. He glanced aside at her; for an instant his grave face wore an expectant look; then he glanced away again, straight before him. She had not turned, and he passed on without addressing her.

But the vision of a girlish figure in a russet gown and an inelegant attitude had disturbed his sober thoughts of safe investments. He was conscious of a sudden restlessness of mind. He unfolded and folded his paper decisively, and fixed his attention on the paragraph that first caught his eye. The paragraph treated of the evil behaviour of one William Baker, charged yesterday with petty larceny; he read the account half through, then forgot that he was reading and let his glance travel again, in an abstracted way, to the blue sky beyond the lane. She must have heard him pass. Yet she had not raised her head, had not looked his way. She had let him pass—and he was glad. Certainly, he was very glad. To assure himself of his gladness, he put his paper once more behind him and reflected as he walked on Naomi's unadmirable qualities and imperfect conduct. She flirted—undoubtedly she flirted. Some men found such girls amusing; he, for his part, could not overcome a habit of regarding all women seriously. His mother he had revered; all other women whom he had ever known he had been able to treat gravely and deferentially, to think of respectfully; Naomi was different from them all. There was levity in all her ways. Her laughter was too frequent; her glance was too swift, too expressive; she talked in a light, exaggerated strain, pointing her speech with little gestures, smiles and frowns; with sudden effective changes in her tone, and little dramatic pauses that held your attention in spite of your own desire—held it as a woman's talk had scarcely any right to hold it. She had let him pass and had not turned; he was glad that she had not turned.

All the way up the lane he was very sure about his gladness. At the end of the lane he hesitated. Should he stroll back now, as his custom was, or should he take his paper and his thoughts further from home this evening? He stood for a moment, his hands behind him, thinking out the question; then, without duly weighing it, turned down the lane again. This time, surely, she must turn her head. If she turned her head she would surely smile. Yesterday her unexpected smile had excited him unduly—he would like to prove himself more master of himself to-day.

For the last ten minutes Naomi, with her book spread open on the ground, had not read a word. A minute ago she had suddenly become conscious that she was listening, that she was waiting—and waiting with a feeling of eagerness—for footsteps to come down the lane. Suddenly, as she realized it, she had

bent lower over her book, turning the leaves hastily in search of a more absorbing page.

But the absorbing page in a very few moments had ceased to prove engrossing. Unconsciously she was listening again. Down the lane came the sound of returning footsteps, and at the sound her heart beat quicker, in a strange and fluttering way, half fearfully, half happily, wholly unreasonably. She was seized with a desire to flee. She half rose; then, on second thoughts, laughed at her first impulse. Who was Mr. Nicholson that she should run away from him? She need not even raise her eyes from her book; she might let him pass again without even showing that she knew that he was near. But to affect unconsciousness was as foolish as to rise and flee. Any acquaintance but Mr. Nicholson she would accost without a thought, without a moment's silly prudery, simply and naturally—and why not Mr. Nicholson? Was Aunt Agatha succeeding in her many lectures, making her think of men in a silly, vulgar, simpering way, as potential wooers? If Mr. Nicholson *did* think her over bold, was that important? It was his thought which was at fault. Why should she bend her behaviour to his false opinions? On the whole, she preferred his disapproval. She had always said so—she preferred it greatly.

She raised her eyes from her book as he reached the gate, and, turning her head, looked up at him with the sudden smile he found so disconcerting.

"Shall I be prosecuted, do you think, for trespassing?" she asked. And he paused at the gate as in duty bound. It was scarcely duty that constrained him to rest one arm on the topmost bar and to draw such a deep breath of satisfaction as he looked down at her.

"You have found a very pleasant spot," he replied after a moment. "Yes, I fear that you are trespassing—but that need not trouble you. Generally, however, the gate is locked."

"The gate *was* locked," said Naomi with a comical little air of dramatic solemnity. "I climbed it. I meant to climb another. I meant to climb that other gate over there at the other end. But over there there are cows to-night. Are you afraid of cows, Mr. Nicholson?"

Mr. Nicholson's grey eyes smiled in a grave way at the flippant question which he left unanswered.

"Not when they stop feeding," pursued Naomi, "and lift up their heads and their horns and solemnly look at you? No—

nor I. But I like to admire their picturesqueness from a distance."

Mr. Nicholson was looking away from her over the fields where the cows, with gentle down-bent heads, were scattered feeding. A little breeze blew across from the West; all the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn.

"What a perfect evening it is," said he presently, "and how still! It is hard to remember that the town is so near. With our faces this way we are in the country."

Naomi had risen and was standing by the gate, looking silently in the direction in which he was looking. Except for the soft twitter of birds, the light rustle of twig and leaf, everything was very still. Perhaps it was the stillness of the evening which cast a spell about her. She felt as sometimes in rare moments she had felt when low music had thrilled her and held her bound. It was only with an effort that she broke the spell and was frivolous again.

"Yes—we are in the country," she sighed regretfully. "And in London presently the gas will be lit in all the shops."

"You are not fond of the country, Miss Naomi?"

"Not when it's very green, Mr. Nicholson. Not when it has a *vegetably* look. I like the country when Turner paints it. Then it has an air of town about it."

"That's a curious criticism, is it not?"

"Of the country or of Turner?"

"Well, of both. Your criticisms sound original."

"I hope so. Why should I bore myself and you by quoting criticisms that are customary? Are all your criticisms always customary, Mr. Nicholson?"

Her eyes, as she spoke, looked suddenly into his with a merry gleam of confiding laughter. He was conscious that his heart beat quicker whenever she glanced at him so unexpectedly; he could not meet her glance and be as calm as was consistent.

"I fancy that all my notions, on all subjects, would be, as you say, Miss Naomi, more customary than yours. I am much less sure than you of the virtues of independent thought. I think one generally finds that unusual notions are original only in some twist of wrongness."

"Would you like the world without its twists of wrongness?"

"I should prefer it—greatly."

"And I should hate it. I should be bored to death. Think



of it!—a world perfectly correct, with no bye-lanes leading nowhere, and all its human nature starched!”

He was looking at her gravely, with a contemplative yet half reluctant glance. Her words held his attention; they might have been words of wisdom of which he could approve, so heedfully he listened.

“You find it dull here?” he suggested after a moment’s thought.

Naomi’s eyes, looking frankly into his, laughed merrily again. “It was you, not I, who made that application,” said she. “I did not imply that I found the world here perfect.”

“But you find it quiet after London?”

“Oh, yes, I find it quiet—oppressively quiet very often; Aunt Agatha and Aunt Sophy sit so very still!—the very sight of them makes me need to fidget. Aunt Agatha’s mental forefinger is always up, saying ‘hush’ to everyone. The servants speak so softly, move so softly, do everything so softly, that I feel sometimes as though something loud *must* happen or I should suffocate and die. Do you know that sort of feeling?”

Mr. Nicholson smiled in quite a sudden way. “Not at all,” he owned.

“Now at home,” continued Naomi musingly, “nothing ever happens quietly. If Jenny—(Jenny is a very jolly little girl—the little girl who does the work)—if Jenny is only washing up the breakfast things she likes everyone to know all about it. Everyone does everything with a sociable, cheerful clatter. I suppose I miss that—I suppose I miss London too. I miss London dreadfully!”

“But what is it exactly that you miss?”

“I scarcely know ‘what.’ I seem to miss everything. I like the bigness and the freedom. I like the airiness. Yes, I know it sounds strange to you to talk of London’s airiness, but here in the country sometimes I feel that I cannot breathe. I like everything in London. I like the early mornings. I like the sunsets across the roofs; I don’t care a bit for your country sunsets, but a sunset across miles and miles of houses is a very different thing indeed. I like the lovely roar of the Strand when the theatres are coming out. I like the shop-windows—*all* the windows—and the gaslight—and the look of the river when the lamps are lit along the bridges—and the beautiful rumble of cabs—and the voices of men behind the omnibuses. I look out from my window here in the mornings and long for chimney-tops.

I like chimney-tops so very much better than hawthorn bushes, Mr. Nicholson."

He was never quite sure whether she was in earnest in all the strange things she said, or whether she was laughing at herself, or aiming at amusing him. She spoke with apparent feeling; and when she spoke so, there was a note somewhere in her tone that affected him most strangely, in a way not at all to be explained, and made him a little unsure of himself and of what he might say and do. She was leaning, like him, one arm upon the gate; but although her face was turned towards him, she was looking past him musingly. He glanced away from her at the shadows of the hedge upon the grass, and breathed more freely. Yet, after a moment, he glanced back at her again. Near her thus a man might make love to her and scarcely be to blame. To touch her hand, to be looked at with a longer look might become a necessity—a passion. He could imagine the danger well—for some men.

He had lingered long enough. Raising his arm slowly from the gate, he drew himself into an upright attitude. He glanced in a doubtful way along the lane. But it was a gloomy path: the shadow of the back-garden walls lay right across it. He glanced back again at Naomi who was standing in the sunshine. And at that moment, Naomi looked at him with one of her swift, straight glances, and spoke again.

"Let us go for a little walk," she said. "Talking of London makes one restless—let us go for a little walk and walk it off."

It was only for a moment that he hesitated, but the moment was long enough to make Naomi feel the enormity of her suggestion. Even as she had made the suggestion she had known how it would strike him. But there was a sense of triumph, of elation in saying to Mr. Nicholson the thing which she should not say, the thing which seemed at the moment the most unbecoming thing to say and which must most surprise him.

A week or two ago he had scarcely disguised his disapproval. Now, when he looked long at her, the disapproval was somewhere in the background of his glance, and his grey eyes met hers with a light neither calm nor critical, a light that set her heart beating fast, deepened the colour in her cheeks and made her desire desperately to look away, to be silent—and otherwise "silly." She would not yield to the impulse. She resented the truth, which in spite of herself she was forced to acknowledge to herself, that in Mr. Nicholson's presence she could not be at ease,

that she took thought what she should say and what she should do, and that those things which all her life she had said and done simply and spontaneously she said and did now with an effort, after a second's hesitation, half defiantly.

He was over the gate in a moment and at her side. Then he stood regarding her as though there was something a little wrong.

"You would like—a hat?" he suggested.

"A hat?" repeated Naomi with quiet seriousness—"I think there is nothing I should dislike so much. We will keep to the fields—then we shall meet no one. Don't you like to feel the breeze blowing your hair about?—*I* do. That is the one advantage of the country over London—one cannot very well walk hatless through the London streets; though, if one strolls through a bye-street with Mark, he often takes off his hat absently whilst he is talking to one, and carries it behind him, and forgets all about it, I believe, until it strikes him that every one who passes him stares."

"Who is Mark?" asked Mr. Nicholson rather hastily.

"Mark Powell. You must have heard of him!"

"No."

"I am afraid you ought to feel sorry, then—I'm afraid it argues yourself unknown. He's a Socialist—he'll be a great leader by-and-bye—he holds meetings, and crowds and crowds of men come—working men, most of them, but most of them in the winter time with no work to do. I often go to Mark's meetings."

"You!"

"Oh, yes, very often. It's a thing to move you, a great meeting like that—the great crowd of earnest, rugged, attentive faces and Mark's speaking. I don't think Mark is a great orator; some people think he is because the men listen to him in such a way, but I think the power he has is something more than that—more than just the power of oratory—something deeper, much. I know how *I* feel; I always feel that there is something in Mark that is in touch with the better part of me—I expect the men feel that too. He does not speak so very fluently, but every word he says rings *true*. It's his trueness which is his power, I think. When he only looks quietly in his grave way at the crowd before he begins to speak, you feel his power—it stirs you somehow. You feel that all the shams and smooth hypocrisies and secret oppressions of the world have

pretty well had their day ; you feel that truth and right are so strong that they are bound to triumph. You feel that truth has a grip on men's hearts that nothing else has. I say all this, but you can't understand—you ought to hear him."

"I would rather hear *you*," said Mr. Nicholson smiling slightly. And the smile or the words or the tone somehow jarred upon her. She regretted that she had fallen into serious talk ; with the thoughts and feelings that appealed to her better nature he had no part nor lot—she had realised that again and again before to-day.

"What is this—this friend of yours besides a demagogue?" asked Mr. Nicholson.

The gentle patronage of the tone provoked her to sudden irritation. She walked on at a quickened pace, a bright little flush of colour in each cheek, her eyes lowered, but her head held defiantly erect.

"Do you mean 'What is his profession'?" she returned presently. "That is what no one who knows Mark ever thinks of asking—it matters so little—it matters nothing. He earns a living somehow : I think he writes sometimes—sometimes he gets secretary work to do—sometimes some committee can afford to pay him for the lectures that he gives. He often wears very bad coats and hats—and I don't think he always dines. But on the days when he gets no dinner someone hungrier gets an unexpected meal—"

There was a little tremor in her voice. She stopped suddenly—

"He lives down at Poplar," she continued after a pause, in a quieter, slower tone. "I believe one can live on very little down at Poplar. But one gets old there quickly—if one lives as Mark lives. I feel it hard to realize other people's sufferings except bluntly ; Mark doesn't. I believe he lives with a heart-ache always now-a-days. Sometimes, do you know, I think that that thin, grave face of his, with its deep eyes that have given up smiling lately, and its lines—all the deep lines that grow deeper every year—I think sometimes that Mark's face sort of symbolizes the life of East-end London."

In spite of her intention, she had fallen again into a tone of eager seriousness.

"You are enthusiastic, are you not?" said Mr. Nicholson indulgently. And again Naomi felt herself brought down suddenly to a lower level of thought and feeling.

"Yes, I am enthusiastic," she answered, "and I am glad. One's enthusiasm, it seems to me, is sometimes the only thing of which one can be proud. I am always glad to remember that Mark's goodness stirs me."

A minute's silence, whilst the two walked on side by side together, looking straight before them. Mr. Nicholson's air was admirably calm, judicial, and superior.

"I think that any excessive enthusiasm," said he slowly and reflectively at length, "is apt—to be a pity."

"And I disagree," cried Naomi warmly. "Oh, I disagree utterly! In times of enthusiasm, it seems to me, one gets flashes of insight that one could not get in quite calm moments. One catches for a second at some truth which has always been, but which one's soul was too torpid to see; and after that—well at any rate one is *different* after that—one has new capabilities—if one falls, one must fall lower after that. I seem to be preaching you a sermon," she added, with a sudden change of tone. "You did not expect me to turn sermonizer, did you?"

He certainly could not say he had expected it. But neither could he feel that it had surprised him greatly. He felt that, he was prepared for anything in Naomi except those well-bred, gentle, retiring modes of thought and speech and manner, that had always seemed to him the inseparable attributes of a "lady," young or old. It seemed only consistent with his thought of Naomi that she should be too earnest as she was too frivolous. She would never choose the happy mean in anything.

"I do not wish to cast a slur on your—your socialistic hero, Miss Naomi," said he, bringing her back from high-flown abstractions to practical life again, "but you will permit me to doubt the good influence of such a leader."

"You do not know Mark," replied Naomi coldly.

"No—only what you tell me. Pardon me, but I think the influence of such men is an unmixed evil. I think they do incalculable mischief. They rouse up discontent at ills which they know to be inevitable. They are not employers themselves—and they care nothing for the interest of the employer—in nine cases out of ten they care nothing for the interests of the labourer either. They crave for public attention—and they gain it."

"You do not know them," repeated Naomi in a quiet voice.

"I know enough of them," replied Mr. Nicholson with an air of excellent and conscious temperance, "to desire to know no

more. I cannot say that I have much sympathy with this new outcry every winter about the poor. We have had times of commercial depression before to-day, and the working classes have suffered, naturally, as all other classes have suffered, but they have been content to be patient and reasonable and to wait for things to mend; all this sensational writing and talking is a new fashion, and a fashion with which, I confess, I have very little patience. There is bound to be poverty—there are bound to be men out of work sometimes. And who *are* the unemployed, taking them as a class? Who are they? Ninety-nine out of every hundred are men who *will* not work, loafers and roughs—more than half are utterly incompetent, men who cannot reasonably expect to find employ—the other half are drunkards—and almost all, you will find, are utterly improvident.”

“And beyond the pale of sympathy; yes, the case seems proved,” said Naomi in his own tone of eminent temperance and common sense. “Are you—quite sure of your statistics?”

He glanced at her keenly for a moment.

“I am only saying, Miss Naomi, what anyone will tell you,” said he with a certain accent of displeasure.

Naomi paused before answering. “I do not need anyone to tell me,” she said then, simply. “I know; and I know you are wrong. I think perhaps I have seen more of the ‘unemployed’ than you have done—and I have not found that want of work is a test of a man being saint or sinner. Even if it were a test, what then? Both saints and sinners have an inconvenient habit of feeling hungry about dinner-time, and of shivering without fire on a December day. You make me talk bitterly when you talk like that. I have seen a good deal sometimes, in the winter times, of the ‘unemployed’ and their families. I have gone about with Mark—gone to their homes to see them—often—often and often.”

“He ought not to have taken you,” said Mr. Nicholson shortly and decisively.

“Ought not? Why not?” echoed Naomi.

“I do not think that scenes of extreme poverty, squalor and misery, are fit scenes into which to take a lady.”

“Mark feels differently.”

“Yes. I should expect him to do so.”

“You say that as though the difference implied some lack in him. Mark’s views of ladyhood seem to me to be truer than yours, Mr. Nicholson. Mark has a way of assuming the



existence of a soul in every one—even in a lady. He never expects one to be lower than one's better self. He never in his life asked me whether I objected to smell foul smells and to climb dirty stairs into dirtier rooms. He never— Let us turn back, shall we? Let us talk of safer topics on which we can agree."

"Willingly. Of what shall we talk?"

Naomi laughed—an impatient, not very merry little laugh.

"It's a question, is it not?" said she. "Let us talk of something that does not matter—to us or to anyone. Let us talk of sunsets—and hawthorn bushes."

### CHAPTER III.

April was over; May's blue skies and sweet perfumes and soft breezes bore a promise already of sunny June; and Naomi had had one month more in which to reveal to her aunts and her aunts' friends the indecorous bent of her nature.

In those four weeks Naomi had lost something of her old gaiety of spirits, her careless ease, her lightheartedness. She said as shocking things as ever, but she said them in a different way, almost as though with forethought and intention. She had moods of unreasonable excitement, and moods of equally unreasoning depression. She would gossip with the servants to-day with a familiarity terrible to Miss Agatha, and to-morrow be even more silent than was consistent with dignified politeness. To-day she would be found talking and laughing in the wildest, gayest spirits with Mr. Nicholson across the garden wall, and to-morrow, if he chanced to call, she would sit without a word, scarcely responding to his well-meant efforts at pleasant conversation.

And one night a very strange thing happened.

Naomi had retired to her room somewhat earlier than usual. It was half an hour afterwards, perhaps, that Miss Sophy, who had just come upstairs, crossed the landing from Miss Agatha's bedroom and tapped gently at the girl's door. After a moment's pause, she opened the door softly and looked in. The room was in darkness; but Miss Sophy held a bedroom candle in her hand, and the candle-light discovered Naomi standing by the open window. The window was open wide; the cool air swept in and fluttered the curtains and made Miss Sophy's candle

gutter in a disreputable fashion in which no candle held by Miss Sophy had ever guttered in its life.

"I came to look at your water-bottle," explained Miss Sophy, shutting the door behind her, and regarding her guttered candle with a grave and regretful air. "Charlotte has been careless about the water-bottles lately. Aunt Agatha's has quite a sediment; let me look at yours. I must speak to Charlotte in the morning."

Miss Sophy had put down her candle on the dressing-table; she brought the water-bottle across the room to the light. But, crossing the room, she fancied suddenly that Naomi was wiping away what looked like tears. She forgot the engrossing question of "sediments," set down the bottle without examining it, and came to the window where Naomi was standing.

"My dear, you will get cold," said she in a gentle tone.

Yes, Naomi had undoubtedly been crying. There were tear-stains beneath her eyes; she had the tense, strange glance of one whose nerves have been too highly strung, and who cannot, however valiant may be her effort, come back at once to the tragedy of water-bottle sediments and guttered candles and the risk of taking cold on a soft May night.

"Look at the sky, Aunt Sophy," said the girl in her tense, still voice.

Miss Sophy raised her eyes obediently. The night was cloudless; the calm, "clear, star-sown vault of heaven" seemed very far away.

"There must be a moon—a new moon—somewhere," said Miss Sophy, vaguely but pleasantly. "You oughtn't to be standing here, Naomi—not like this—in the night air. Why haven't you gone to bed?"

But Naomi, with her head leant back against the shutter, stood silent, still looking up with tense yet dreamy eyes at the far-away night sky.

"You've not been crying, dear?" questioned Miss Sophy, in a gentle, nervous tone, glancing observantly once more at the girl's tear-stained face, and glancing nervously away. But Naomi made no attempt to deny the tears.

"Yes, I've been crying," she admitted simply. "Crying because I am like I am—not a nicer person."

Miss Sophy looked at the girl with a very softened glance. Tears, if the tears were gentle, not passionate, were a form of penitence that always touched Miss Sophy. She could not

deny that Naomi had cause enough for weeping, yet inconsistently she tried to comfort her. She put out a thin, white, shrivelled hand, and stroked the girl's sleeve consolingly. Naomi was still looking away out of the window; her eyes were bright with some strange excitement; her voice, when she spoke, seemed to have lost its sweet, softly modulated notes.

"The sky," said she, "makes one tell the truth about oneself to oneself. I don't like the truth, Aunt Sophy, any more—not any more, not any longer—now. It makes my heart ache. One does not like to be such a failure—so different from what one meant to be. It made me cry. I meant to be—a better woman—different—better! I meant to care for things, to be sorry and glad; and I care for nothing. There are people suffering, sorrowing; and I cannot care. And people are being noble, being good and true and noble; and I cannot care. And to-night I know it and cry, and to-morrow I shall know it, and try *not* to know it."

There was scarcely anything of passion in her manner as she spoke; but her tense tone and strange words flustered Miss Sophy and checked her desire to be sympathetic. Naomi's tears were only part of her oddness, not tears of penitence for her oddness. Miss Sophy removed the caressing hand from the girl's white sleeve, and spoke in a less pathetic tone, though still soothingly.

"I would go to bed, dear, if I were you," she advised. "You're excited; and you're getting cold. What have you been doing?"—with a glance aside at an open blotting-book on the dressing table—"writing letters—up here? I wouldn't write letters in my bedroom, dear, if I were you, at this time of night. I must close the window, or my candle will gutter when I open the door again."

Miss Sophy shut the window as she spoke.

"Go to bed, like a good girl," she recommended sensibly. "Yes—look at that sediment in your water-bottle! Charlotte is not careful about filtering the water first; I wish you would tell me, Naomi, if it occurs again. Good-night, my dear."

And Miss Sophy, candle in hand, went away to confide to Miss Agatha the fact that Naomi had been in tears, and that Naomi's explanation of the motive of her tears was altogether unsatisfactory.

And Naomi, left alone, turned away from the window and took up a letter which was lying unfinished on the table. It was too dark now for her to read what she had written, but, without reading, she tore the sheet across, and put down the torn

pieces on the table with a sigh—a sigh that was half a sob. She had tried to-night to write to Mark—tried and failed. Mark had always believed the best of her, she had tried to write according to his faith; but suddenly in the middle of her letter she had paused; all at once she had realised that she was expressing thoughts and wishes which were part of her past, but were filling no part of her present. She had pushed the letter away from her and risen hastily, putting out her candle and throwing open her window, with a sudden desperate need for more air, more freedom; and, standing at the window, looking out into the darkness, looking up at the calm, quiet, star-lit sky, she had, as she had said, told the truth about herself to herself. All that had been best in her—all that had been noblest in her—all that Mark had believed in in her, she was leaving far behind. New personal needs, ignoble but passionate, were standing between her and her old ideals. The remembrance of how her heart had beat yesterday when Mr. Nicholson had stood near her and held her hand, had more power to sway her than the remembrance of all Mark's noblest speeches. The foolish joy that thrilled her when Mr. Nicholson's eyes looked deep into hers and half reluctantly yet softly smiled, had crowded out of her heart her old feeling of fellowship in others' joys and pains. To see him at least once a day—to let him for a moment hold her hand in his, to meet his smile, to feel his presence; that was her "good." Her "ill" was for a day to pass, and to miss him all the day. He did not honour her in his thoughts as Mark honoured her; her "high" was his "low"; what was best in her seemed to him most faulty; he cared for her for her prettiness' sake, for her smile's sake, for some trick of voice or manner that in spite of himself had caught his fancy; cared for her in spite of his own desire, in spite of his common sense, in spite of her better self. Yet to know that he cared for her, even so, seemed often happiness enough, a happiness that filled the day. It was a poor happiness, but it held her in bondage; it shut out all older interests, all older, better needs; it possessed her soul. Half despising Mr. Nicholson, knowing that with one side of his nature he despised her too, still she loved him—and love contented her. How could she write to Mark who believed her good?

Miss Sophy had broken in upon her thoughts. Now that Miss Sophy was gone, she tore up the half-written letter slowly and hopelessly, and opened the window again. The stiff, neat, excellently-furnished room, with its polished mahogany, its four

slate-grey walls, seemed to suffocate her; she could think better when she need not see it, when she could feel the free out-of-door air in her face and look up at the great calm sweep of sky overhead—the sky that was shining down on Mark, shining down on all those old friends at home—artists, scribblers, reformers, what not—old friends who took life too lightly or too gravely, laughed too rarely or too often, wore the velvet of Bohemia or broadcloth with too beggarly a nap, but whose lives had all some touch of nobleness, of high endeavour, and whose human sympathies were quick and wide. Thinking of home, she could see things in their truer light again; she could look at the passionate, emotional life she had been leading lately and know it for a lower life. Even now, in this fever time of love, she was not deceived about the quality of the love she felt; it was based on nothing—an unaccountable thing, that had sprung up she knew not how, and grown she knew not why, and that by and by must pass. Looking forward calmly, she knew that it must pass. And yet, because she knew it, she dreaded to look forward; her love was a poor thing, not love as she had dreamt of love, read of love, believed in love, but her heart sickened when she thought of life without it. She could not give it up!—she could not give it up!

And yet—

The clear, calm night-sky stretched away far above the silent lanes and fields—tender, tranquil—

“A world above man’s head, to let him see  
How boundless might his soul’s horizons be,  
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!  
How it were good to live there, and breathe free;  
How fair a lot to fill  
Is left to each man still!”

and something of the spirit of the heavens seemed to fall upon the girl as she stood looking upwards. Passion was calmed away. Her strongest need was not to love and be loved, but to be good, to be true—true to her highest instincts, true to “the best” in her, that “best” that Mark had believed in, and appealed to always. She must justify Mark’s faith in her. She must—she would—live nobly according to her lights. She *must* get away from self; she *must* care again if others were glad or sorrowful—care as she used to care about Mark’s poor people—if that poor sad-eyed, thin-faced girl in the hospital whom he had sent her to see and help was setting her life right

again, if there was work to do this summer, if next winter promised to be less hard than last ; she *must* care, she *must* get back to that wider life, those wider sympathies ; she *must*—she would.

The grey, early morning light was creeping in between the chinks of Miss Agatha's green blinds next morning when Miss Agatha awoke an hour earlier than her wont, and awoke, as she was unaccustomed to awake, with a sudden start. The door had creaked loudly. Naomi, with the door held open, was standing on the threshold of the room.

Miss Agatha sat upright, looking a little startled and bewildered.

"Naomi ! My dear, what is the matter ?" she asked, in a tone of mingled expostulation and concern.

"May I come in, Aunt Agatha ?"

"Come in. It must be very early, Naomi. What is the matter ?"

The girl came forward into the room. "Aunt Agatha," she said earnestly, "I came to tell you—that I am going home. I wanted to tell you as soon as I could. I want to go home now—to-day."

Miss Agatha sat looking at her in amazement—amazement too great even for displeasure.

"Go home ?" she echoed.

"I cannot stay any longer," said Naomi falteringly, in a tone almost childish in its helplessness. "Let me go, Aunt Agatha. Don't try to persuade me. I have been thinking about it all the night. Don't try to turn me from it. Let me go now—to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish. We will talk about it a little later. The servants are not up yet ; it cannot be much more than six o'clock. I am afraid, Naomi, you have disturbed Aunt Sophy, moving about so early. I cannot talk to you at this time in the morning ; downstairs, when prayers are over, we will discuss the question. It is a very sudden determination. I am sorry we have not been able to make you happy here. We will talk about it after breakfast. My dear, please to go away quietly. Aunt Sophy sleeps very lightly ; she is never accustomed to be called till half-past seven. Perhaps you had better leave the door upon the latch."

Two hours later, when Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy descended punctually at eight o'clock to prayers, crisp toast and eggs,



Naomi, although she had been guilty of the solecism of having arisen before the servants, had not yet arrived in the dining-room.

"Ring the breakfast-bell again," said Miss Agatha, as she rose from her knees and took her place before the urn. "Miss Naomi did not hear the first bell, perhaps."

"Miss Naomi went out, I think, 'm," ventured the parlour-maid, in an approved tone of grave deference.

Miss Sophy was lingering a moment at the window. At that moment the door in the garden-wall was opened by some one in the road outside, who held it open a little way as though hesitating whether or not to enter; Miss Sophy caught a glimpse of a puffed, cuffless, red brown sleeve and a gloveless hand; an indistinct murmur of voices came borne across the garden through the open window; then the garden door shut with a click, and the voices were lost again.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy were very silent through half their meal; but over their second cups of coffee they began to talk of Naomi, and fell into a very serious conversation.

"And I cannot help feeling," concluded Miss Agatha, as she rose from the table, "that if Naomi wishes to go, we had better not oppose her wishes. I do not like to say anything against the child—after all, we must remember that she is poor Philip's daughter—but she is not like us, not like any of our family. I think, perhaps, if she wishes to go, we should let her go."

"And yet it's a pity," said Miss Sophy lingeringly. "It seems a pity, Agatha, just now. I daresay it is only my idea," she added apologetically; "but lately I have thought sometimes that Mr. Nicholson had taken a sort of—a sort of fancy to Naomi. It seems a pity that she should go away—just now."

There was a minute's silence whilst Miss Agatha looked down musingly at the house-keeping keys she held, and Miss Sophy stood watching her nervously.

"It may be only my fancy, Agatha," said Miss Sophy hastily, "but he pays her attention. He certainly pays her attention. You too must have noticed that."

"Yes," agreed Miss Agatha slowly, "I have noticed it. But Mr. Nicholson is so sensible—not likely to be imprudent. And it *would* be imprudent, Naomi is so—so unlike any well-bred girl. I do not think he is likely to make such a grave mistake as that."

"It would be such a good thing for her," said Miss Sophy regretfully.

"A very unhappy thing for him," said Miss Agatha, moving away.

In the meantime, on the other side of the ivy-covered wall, Naomi and Mr. Nicholson were strolling slowly, and more and more slowly—up and down St. Mary's hill.

The road was quiet. Only at very long intervals a milkman, late on his round, or a countrywoman bearing baskets with fruit or vegetables, would disturb the solitude. There was a scent of mignonette borne on the soft air from some garden border—the morning air was warm already.

As Miss Agatha went away with her keys to the kitchen, Naomi reached the garden-door and stopped. Mr. Nicholson stood still too. Neither was speaking, neither had spoken for many moments ; but the silence between them was intense with the remembrance of the words that had last been spoken, and the expectation of the words that next must come. She put out her hand against the door. But she stood facing him, her eyes with a great fear in them raised to his, beseeching him with passionate urgency against the words he meant to say.

"Naomi, you must hear me," he urged, in pleading yet decisive tones. "You have let me say so much, you must hear me to the end."

Only her eyes answered him. Her eyes spoke a language passionate but incoherent. They besought him to be silent, and yet they tempted him to speak. She raised the latch of the garden-door, but as she raised it he put out his hand restrainingly and took hers with decision in his own.

"Naomi, you must listen to me," he declared. "You owe it to me."

She yielded the hand he took ; she drew a deep breath, half of passionate regret, half of more passionate happiness, and stood passively before him.

"What I said just now," he continued eagerly, his glance kindling, his heart beating fast as he looked down at her, "is the truth, Naomi. I love you. You must have *known* I loved you. You do not believe in my love—what can I do, what can I say to convince you ?"

"Yes, I do believe," said Naomi faintly. Her voice was unlike her own ; her heart was beating so wildly that to speak at all was difficult. "I believe—but, don't be angry with me—it will

pass, you will forget. I'm not the sort of girl you should have fallen in love with. I'm sorry I came—I didn't know. When I go away I shall pass out of your life; you will forget again, you'll be glad I went away—not yet, but *sometime* you'll be glad."

There was something of reason in what she said; he realized it. It was what he had said to himself again and again, day after day, for many weeks past. A week or two ago—even now in sane business moments—he could look forward hopefully to the forgetfulness that might come with absence. But this was not a moment of supreme sanity, he dreaded nothing at this moment so much as the possibility of his own future indifference.

"I do not mean to forget you," he said steadily, holding her hand more closely as she tried to withdraw it from his clasp. "Not unless you can tell me that you do not love me. You cannot tell me that."

A long silence. He stood looking at her steadfastly.

"Tell me that," he continued softly.

And again there was a long moment's pause.

"Naomi," said he, still more softly, "if we love one another why should we put away happiness so lightly? It is not such a common thing. After all it is the best thing we are likely to get in life."

Naomi had drawn away her hand. She looked at him quickly now, with an eager protest on her lips; but the protest died away unspoken. His eyes had spoken to hers in the soft, passionate, persuasive language of love; and last night's visions, this morning's reiterated resolves were all forgotten. Suddenly he bent and kissed her.

It was half an hour later, perhaps, that Naomi came slowly up the front garden path; and Miss Sophy, sitting alone in the dining-room, wondered at her slow step and quiet air. The girl came through the hall, and after a minute entered the dining-room and came slowly towards the window at which Miss Sophy sat.

Miss Sophy looked up, with a vague but agitated feeling that something unusual must have happened. Naomi was unlike herself; her face was very pale, her eyes were bright—too bright—bright without the suspicion of a smile, without any touch of softness or happy eager expectation; she was quiet—it was unlike Naomi to be so quiet.

She stood still just opposite Miss Sophy's chair, but looked

away out of the window as she spoke. She spoke in so dull a tone that it was a moment before Miss Sophy took in the meaning of her joyful tidings.

"Mr. Nicholson has asked me to marry him," she said ; she paused for a moment, the words seemed to come in a laboured way. "I am engaged to him," she added.

For a moment Miss Sophy sat and looked at her in bewilderment. Then she rose up hurriedly and came nearer her.

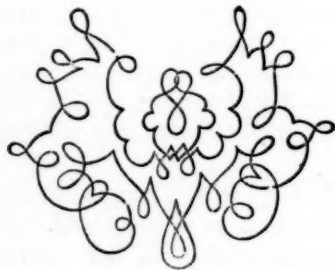
"Naomi, my dear child—I am glad!" she exclaimed.

Naomi stood looking away with no answering smile, looking out across the garden at the ivy on the wall-top with a dull, unseeing glance.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said Miss Sophy, her mild eyes beaming. "It never seemed right, Naomi, your living in London like that, knowing such strange people, with such strange ways too. Yes, I know they were good to you, dear, we won't say anything against them, you were fond of them, I know. But they were not the sort of people one cares about. It never seemed to me quite right."

"Does this seem right?" said Naomi, turning her face slowly, with a curious, very mirthless little smile. Then, suddenly, as Miss Sophy took her hands, she drew them away with a short, sharp sob. "Don't let us talk of what is wrong or what is right," she said ; "what is the use? what is the good? Nothing is right for me, any more."

SHELDON CLARKE



## Notes of the Month.

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THE marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales is the topic of the day, and has given rise to various curious points of constitutional law and precedent. A kindred question, not bearing directly on this event, is forcing itself forward, and has not yet, we believe, been determined. What will become of the Queen's male descendants, who are English subjects, in the third generation? George II. left no grandchild who was an English subject save his successor, George III. George III. had thirteen children, but no grandchildren in England save Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary—now Duchess of Teck. The Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, have only one son each, who will in due course succeed to their fathers' titles; but what titles, career, and surname will be open to the sons of the Princesses Helena and Beatrice? Will their descendants merge into the common national stock, or will they retain the title of Prince and Princess indefinitely?

The Eton and Harrow match of 1889 will be remembered as "Gosling's year," for there can be little doubt that his innings of 35, which occupied 2 hours and 35 minutes, on a wicket which at times played badly, was a remarkable display of pluck and patience. Had Gosling had the physical strength to punish the bowling, it must have materially affected the result of the match.

The Public School matches at Lords have in time past given rise to various "cricketing curiosities." In 1830 Winchester went in for their second innings with 1 run to get, but 2 good wickets fell before it was obtained. In 1844 Winchester, playing against Harrow, were 30 runs behind in their final innings, and lost 7 wickets before they won the match; while in 1862 Winchester followed their innings, and yet Eton won by only 1 wicket. The Eton and Winchester match in 1862 was a tie, the scores being Winchester, 111, 52 = 163; Eton 66, 97 = 163. But the most remarkable instance of the "glorious uncertainty" of the game was in 1838, when the three Schools played at Lords, and when Harrow beat Winchester in one innings, Eton beat Harrow in one innings, and Winchester beat Eton in one innings. A curious feature of the two latter matches was that in both instances the victor's score was 157, while the vanquished made, respectively, 56 and 71, and 53 and 70 in their two innings.

The subject of gambling is so prominent at the present time that an accurate definition of the word is sadly wanted. Dr. Johnson defines to gamble as, "to play extravagantly for money," and a gambler as "a knave whose practice it is to invite the unwary to game, and cheat them." Webster holds that to gamble is (1), "To play or game for money or other stake;" (2) "To lose or squander by gaming;" and that a gambler is "one who plays or games for money or other stake." These definitions can hardly be regarded as satisfactory, as Webster would include any one who plays whist for sweeties as a gambler; while Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, would exclude from the category all who were not knaves and cheats. Dr. Johnson, however, was something of an "opportunist," and was not always consistent in his views, for on one occasion, in an argument with Boswell and Mr. Erskine, he said, "Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man, but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good."

At the recent Canterbury Diocesan Conference, Archdeacon Smith (following apparently a writer in the *Quarterly Review* of January last) defines gambling as "the risking of larger sums than a man can afford on ventures over which his own industry can effect little or no control." This comes nearer the mark than the foregoing, but is unsatisfactory as being too wide in part, and too narrow in part, as was pointed out in a *Times* leader (July 15, 1889). The fact is, the word is ambiguous, and is used in different senses. The man who plays whist for farthing points, strictly speaking, gambles; but in the eyes of the majority of mankind he would not be regarded as a "gambler." If a real effort is to be made to check one of the greatest and most insidious social dangers of the present day, either a new definition will have to be discovered for an old word, or a new word coined to distinguish reckless and immoral gambling from what may be reasonably described as legitimate and harmless gambling. Can any of our correspondents help us?

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The comings and goings of "Society" between town and country are even more an affair of "Seasons" in America than here. The annual round of the fashionable world in New York is thus sharply defined: After Christmas and New Year's week, which, following a temporary "English fit," it spends in the country, Society remains at home until Lent begins, when people migrate to Florida and the South, returning for a brief space before May and June despatch them to Europe. The next two months are the opportunity of Newport, Mount Desert, and Narragusset Pier, while Lenox is the rallying-point in September and October. Visits anywhere and everywhere fill up the late autumn, and not until December does New York welcome her truants back



again. What a restless existence ! Compared with this, the demands upon the strength of fashionable folk in England sink into insignificance.

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Who will be bold enough to try "Succatash," which a New York correspondent describes as a "delightful dish of Indian name and origin, at this season *the* thing to partake of"? Here is the recipe : Take Indian corn (sweet) and slice the kernels carefully from the cob ; then take beans—usually Lima beans—and mix them with the corn in the proportion of one-third beans to two-thirds corn. To a quart of this mixture add one pint of milk, and season to taste with pepper, salt, and a little butter.

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#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

The greatest recent artistic event has been the Secrétan sale, where the high prices reached have caused general surprise, the present time being considered especially unfavourable to artists, who have great difficulty in obtaining even reasonable remuneration for their efforts. Economy is the order of the day, retrenchment is the rule, and no one seems to have money for superfluities. Meissonnier's works are, however, sure of a good sale, and their small size is an advantage, for in the modern Parisian apartments large pictures are strangely inconvenient and out of place. Still 190,000, 66,000, 71,000, francs, seem large sums to pay for such diminutive gems and by a living artist. Corot, whose peculiar style and misty grey colouring caused much controversy during his life, now commands as high prices as Meissonnier ; his "Biblis" reached 84,000 frs., and was sharply disputed. The great rival of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, also attained high prices ; his "*Chien d'arrêt*" reached 70,000 frs. And Courbet ! Courbet, formerly so much abused for his ugly realism ! His "*Remise de Chevreuils*" fetched 71,000 frs. !

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But the great struggle, which became a question of patriotism, was over the "Angelus" of poor Millet, who lived in poverty, almost like a peasant, in a humble *maisonnette* of Barbizon, a village in the forest of Fontainebleau. There he worked to get bread for his *fourteen* children ; and the very picture just held up as a national glory, to be kept at any price, was sold by the artist for 1500 frs. ! M. Proust, the representative of the French Government, was authorized to bid up to 1,000,000 frs., and a private syndicate was formed to advance the money. The great painter Munkaczy offered funds ; and although the rival competitors were Americans, a gentleman of that nation was so moved by the anxiety and eagerness of the French,

that he actually handed over 10,000 frs. to carry on the bidding on the French side. Mr. Sutton, representative of the American Art Association, was, it seems, authorized to bid up to any price, but was taken by surprise in consequence of the rapidity of the French bidding. Now, however, he obtains the picture at the knock-down price, since the Government have not voted the money advanced by the French Syndicate. It seems hard that Millet's widow and heirs should gather nothing of the golden shower, and that their straitened circumstances should be in no wise improved by the glory come too late.

The pictures by old masters have not reached such high prices; one Rubens, "David and Abigail," was knocked down at 112,000 frs., but this was the highest figure; next comes a Gerard Dow, an "Old Woman," 102,000 frs.; a Vandyck, "Portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Riche," 74,000 frs.; a "View of Venice," by Cascale, 63,000 frs.; and a few others.

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The exhibition of enamelled jewellery of Messrs. Tiffany of New York attracts much attention. The sprigs of flowers, even of the most minute kind, such as mignonette, are remarkably well imitated, and were much admired by M. Carnot on one of his recent visits.

In the French jewellery division is a wonderful necklace of coloured diamonds, which is rather disconcerting to preconceived ideas as to "water." The intensity of sparkle alone reveals the diamond. There is also a marvellous ruby, of fabulous price, "et il n'est pas gros," was the remark of the jeweller. The colour is wonderful; a congealed drop of angel's blood! if they have any—for the comparison is scarcely orthodox.

The setting of diamonds now adopted is peculiar, and looks very insecure; they are held only by an invisible gold wire, and seem scattered, without any setting at all. It is very fanciful, and the effect is pretty, but imitations would be more agreeable to wear than real stones under such dangerous circumstances.

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Dresses for evening wear are trimmed with flowers in a garland round the edge of the skirt; blue tulle, with a border of corn-flowers, or mauve, with Parma violets, are very pretty. The black and white lace *blouses*, thrown over a plain silk under-skirt of any colour, and gathered round the waist only by the sash, tied in a large bow with short ends, are extremely convenient, and always elegant. The *blouse* hangs straight down like a surplice, without any made bodice. Some, more fragile and delicate, are made of *crêpe lisse*, in fan-like plaits, on the same principle of loose, careless attire.

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The Telephone at the Exhibition communicating with the Grand Opéra, Opéra Comique and Eden Theatre, is extremely popular. Each

visitor is allowed ten minutes, and it is said that the sound is heard as distinctly as in the theatres, which causes great delight and amusement, especially to those of the lower class, who have not often an opportunity of hearing what takes place at the Grand Opéra.

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"The latest sensation in the scientific world," writes a correspondent, "has been the experiment for 'regaining youth' of Professor Brown-Séguard. The witches' cauldron is extremely in favour just now, and 'bouillon' is made by scientific gentlemen, which is worthy of the recipe in Macbeth. M. Pasteur's 'bouillon de microbes' and 'bouillon' of essence of rabies seemed quite sufficiently repulsive; but now comes Professor Brown-Séguard with a new variety of sorcerer's cookery, which is to ensure 'perpetual youth.' For this certainly desirable end, poor little guinea-pigs and puppies are said to be vivisected, and their internal organs, while still quivering, pounded in a mortar, mixed with distilled water, and then filtered. The liquid thus obtained is not swallowed, but injected by M. Brown-Séguard under his own venerable skin (he is seventy-two) and lo! he is young again; his eyes are bright, his appetite is excellent, which under the circumstances is certainly surprising; no ghosts of guinea-pigs or suffering puppies disturb his peaceful slumbers; his intellect has become sufficiently vigorous for other horrible inventions to be anticipated from his fertile brain; in short, his condition is highly satisfactory to himself and his friends; that of the puppies may leave room for improvement.

"I can understand and admit that even the horrors of vivisection may sometimes be accepted in the serious interests of science—but to cut up guinea-pigs and puppies whilst alive, merely to make M. Brown-Séguard fresh and blooming, does not seem sufficiently justified by the importance of the result obtained. I must acknowledge that I sympathize in some degree with the energetic female who, not long ago, flew at M. Brown-Séguard and belaboured him with her parasol, during one of his vivisection séances. I should not do likewise, but I can understand her feelings."

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The opening of the Rossini Home for aged singers, either Italian or French, is an event here in the artistic world. The sum devoted by Rossini to this philanthropic purpose was a large one (£140,000), and everything has been arranged so as to make the inmates as comfortable as possible. The Home can accommodate fifty of both sexes, but only twenty-six are as yet established there. The earliest age for admittance is sixty. The Home is at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, in a charming situation, overlooking the extensive grounds of the neighbouring establishment of Ste. Péline. The Home itself has a sufficiently large garden, and is airy and cheerful. Each inmate has a comfortable room, with a dressing-room adjoining; plainly,

but conveniently furnished, and with a charming view. There is a large, airy, dining-room ; a library, well provided with books and music ; and a *salon*, or drawing-room, for the general use of the inmates, which contains the only piano allowed in the house ! A most prudent rule. Here are many portraits and *souvenirs* of Rossini, and here many voices are heard singing his music ; voices having lost their stage power, but often still pleasing, and able to recall former triumphs. One would fancy that such an assemblage of talent in such agreeable surroundings would form a perfect little paradise of rest for the veterans of art—but alas ! it is whispered that there is more melody than harmony within the precincts, and that quarrels are frequent. The French and Italians do not sympathize, and all have grievances. Alas ! for poor human nature !

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The Paris season is unusually prolonged in consequence of the attractions of the Exhibition, but soon all the *beau monde* will fly to their *châteaux*, to watering-places, or to the sea-side. Trouville is no longer fashionable, and is principally frequented by business-people, who highly appreciate the facility of spending Sundays with their families, and returning on Mondays to Paris. The few exclusives go to Deauville, the twin sister of Trouville, a bare, sandy, ugly, place, where they can at least keep together, which is about its only advantage. Further on, are Beuzeval, Houlgate and Villers ; very pretty, very rural, and very quiet.

But Brittany has at present more attractions for gay people ; Dinard, St. Enogat, Paramé, are all much frequented, and enjoy more favour than the bathing-places on the coast of Normandy. There is more of the picturesque element in Brittany ; the country is more wild, and the peasantry have kept more of their former characteristics ; but it is to be feared that the influx of tourists will soon destroy the peculiar and primitive charm of those regions. Even now it is necessary to go much further to see Brittany as it should be seen.

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The favourite watering-places, apart from real physical necessities, are Royat, Vichy, and Aix-les-Bains. Others, less brilliant, are frequented by those who really seek for health ; such as Plombières, a very pretty place, but comparatively quiet ; Luxeuil, very efficacious as regards medical treatment, but insufferably dull ; Contrexéville, St. Honoré les Bains, which deserves to be better known, and is very remarkable for bronchial and throat affections ; Nérès-les-Bains, for nervous disorders.

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The *châteaux* are at present devoted to “la vie de famille,” and will only become animated when the shooting season begins, if the elections,

which threaten to be stormy, leave room for private pleasures and recreations. All await that time with considerable anxiety.

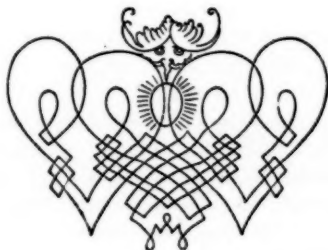
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A recent work, called "*L'Europe en armes*," by Théodore Cahu, better known by his pseudonym of "Théo-Critt," has attracted considerable notice from the important documents to which the author has had access, and which are quoted by him. It is a clear and comprehensive picture of the armies of Europe, their strong and weak points, their comparative chances of success, their most remarkable leaders, and their plans of campaign. M. Imbert de St. Amand has added another interesting volume to his series of celebrated women: "*La Duchesse de Berry en Vendée*." The account of the dangers and adventures of the mother of the Comte de Chambord in her mad-cap expedition, so near to our time, is well worth reading; but the volume ends with the arrival of the Duchess at Nantes, before she was taken prisoner. Amongst novels we may mention: "*L'hôtel St. François*," and "*Le Secret de Solange*," by Maryan; also "*Norine*," by Ferdinand Fabvre; a clever writer, not always to be recommended, but unobjectionable in this instance.

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#### THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The Editor has to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from S. O. for "*MURRAY'S MAGAZINE Cot*" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.



## Our Library List.

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**DARWINISM**, by ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE (1 vol. 9s. *Macmillan*), is a re-statement of what may be called the primitive orthodox Darwinian doctrine, stripped of all the subsidiary theories and more or less unauthorized deductions with which it has become to a certain extent obscured in recent years. No one is better qualified to speak with authority on such matters than Dr. Wallace, whose noble suppression of all personal claim to be considered the originator of the Natural Selection theory is perhaps unique in the history of science. The present volume is not one to be lightly skimmed, but readers prepared to devote sustained attention to some of the most important problems that underlie human existence will find it profoundly interesting. The style is perfectly lucid, and as simple as the subject matter admits of. Dr. Wallace holds that man's body only has been developed from a lower animal form, but that his higher intellectual and moral faculties must have had another origin.

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**EARLY LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE**, Edited by D. S. RITCHIE (1 vol. 12s. *Sonnenschein*), should do much towards rehabilitating the sage of Chelsea and his brilliant wife in popular estimation. The bulk of the letters here printed date from before their author's marriage, while she was hesitating whom to choose among her numerous suitors, leaving, however, little doubt as to where her true affection lay from the time when Carlyle appeared on the scene. The correspondence is brimming over with high spirits, and is characterised by the charming mixture of *naïveté* and shrewdness which marks her later writings. The reader is left with the conclusion that Jane Welsh might have done a great deal worse for herself than marry Thomas Carlyle, and that both she and her husband were probably as happy as their temperaments and an average allowance of good and evil fortune would allow. One closes the volume with a certain feeling of remorse that the inmost recesses of an innocent woman's heart have been laid bare before an indifferent public to be wrangled over by angry disputants.

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**WORDS ON WELLINGTON**, by Sir W. FRASER, Bart. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Nimmo*), is a somewhat miscellaneous collection of anecdotes concerning the Great Duke, and a dissertation on the precise site of the famous Waterloo ball. Whether or no we agree with Sir W. Fraser that his hero



stands side by side with Michael Angelo and Shakespeare as one of the three greatest men that the world has seen, we shall assuredly admit that he is a national hero of whom we can hardly know too much, and shall accordingly welcome any volume which makes a distinct addition to our knowledge of him. Many of Sir William's stories are very good, and some are new even to readers well acquainted with the literature of the subject. It is, however, curious that our author has not apparently taken the trouble to read Lord Stanhope's '*Conversations with Wellington*,' and thus avoid the repetition of anecdotes printed within the last few months. While enlarging their knowledge of Wellington, readers will acquire a good deal of information about Sir W. Fraser.

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REMINISCENCES OF A REGICIDE, Edited by MRS. SIMPSON (1 vol. 14s. *Chapman & Hall*). This volume is compiled from the autobiography of Sergeant, Administrator of Police during the French Revolution. He seems to have been desirous in his later years to make the best *Apologia pro vitâ sua* that he could. Our impression after perusing these memoirs is that nothing more clearly shows the hideous perversion of justice and morality which prevailed in France during the terrible epoch of the Convention than this attempt by one of the ringleaders to palliate and excuse his conduct. Every book that reminds us of the inhuman ferocity of the Revolutionary "heroes," and the crimes against God and man which made the whole civilized world shudder at the very name of France a century ago, forms a wholesome corrective to the astounding blatancy of the present celebrations in Paris. Sergeant's narrative, confessedly making out as good a case as possible for the Regicides, will, we venture to say, inspire nothing but horror and loathing, mingled perhaps with a faint tinge of pity for the wretches who, like himself, were so lost to a sense of justice even as to boast of evil-doing.

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CLEOPATRA, by H. RIDER HAGGARD (1 vol. 6s. *Longmans*), is the most ambitious of its author's works, inasmuch as it endeavours to paint for us anew a figure which the imagination of the civilized world has pondered over for many centuries, and which, moreover, has been portrayed by Shakespeare. Absolute success in such a task would of course be impossible, nor has Mr. Haggard submitted to the years of previous toil which enabled, for instance, Flaubert to reconstruct a vanished civilization in *Salammbô*. Setting aside, then, any very exalted ideal, we find a sufficiently thrilling story of how Harmachis, the lineal descendant of the Pharaohs, was designed by enthusiastic patriots to drive out the usurping dynasty, and to restore Egypt to the Egyptians; how he sacrificed all for the love of Cleopatra, and found himself betrayed and deserted for Antony. Mr. Haggard's style is not less opulent than in former works.

**THE WRONG BOX.** By R. L. STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE (1 vol. 5s. *Longmans*). Joseph and Masterman Finsbury are two old men, the only survivors in a Tontine: how to keep their respective fathers alive the longest is the constant care of the younger generation of Finsburys. Morris and John are the sons of Joseph; one an unsuccessful, mean fellow, but acute enough to control a fast, flashy brother. Michael, a sharp, shady lawyer, is the son of Masterman. Morris suspects that Michael's father is really dead and his death concealed; but he cannot discover the truth; meanwhile Joseph and his sons come in for a railway accident which enables the father to escape in the confusion from the embarrassing vigilance of Morris and John; they, however, think they recognize his body among the victims, and determine to try and secure the Tontine by hiding the fact until their Uncle Masterman's death is announced. They pack the body in a barrel and despatch it to London, intending to bury it in a cellar; but a practical joker gets into the van and alters the labels on all the goods: the body now begins its adventures as "The Wrong Box," which form the chief theme of the story: in the end of course Joseph re-appears, Masterman proves still alive, the crimes of Morris are exposed, and he has to sign away his reversion in the Tontine as the price of immunity. How far such a volume is worthy of Mr. Stevenson's reputation we leave the reader to judge.

